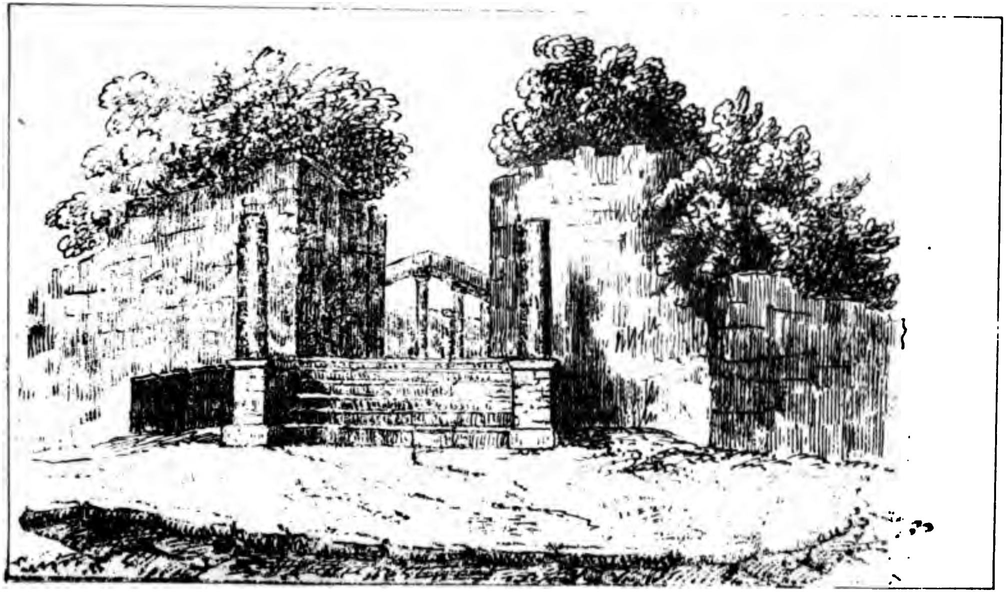
# THE OCEAN AND THE DESERT.



ENTRANCE TO DIOMED'S VILLA

THE

# OCEAN & THE DESERT.

BY

A MADRAS OFFICER.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY T. C. NEWBY, MORTIMER STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1846.

WILLIAM AND RICHARD WOODCOCK,
PRINTERS, 20½, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW, CITY,
AND BRUNSWICK ST. HACKNEY ROAD.

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## CHAPTER I.

Arrival at Alexandria—Hotel—The City—Baths —The Padsha's Palace—Harbour—Men of War.

We reached Alexandria at about half past three o'clock in the afternoon, having had a most fatiguing journey, rendered so from the closeness of packing, and the sedentary position obliged to be observed, during the whole time we were in the boat; not only on account of there being no room to move about in, but the fear of an upset from the narrowness of our vessel.

The approach by the canal to Alexandria is an interesting one. Neat houses and gardens on either side, the latter down to the water's edge; the view of the suburbs of the city; the distant one of the plain, where were fought those famous battles in days gone by; every thing we saw had something in it worthy of observation. We landed and proceeded in vans prepared for us; and as the hotels were at some distance, we had a pleasant drive. We put up at the *hotel de l'Europe*, the one generally frequented by travellers, from India; but by far the most inferior of the two. The other is the *hotel l'orient*, and conducted on a better scale, with neat, clean accommodations; better feeding, and better attendance; and, what is more preferable, on very economical terms. Had I been aware of its existence

I certainly would not have gone to the hotel de l'Europe.

We were glad to have a rest, and it was delightful jumping into clean beds, after the dismal, sleepless night we had spent in the *Little Nile.* The hotel we were at had many conveniences and good things; but the best were the beds, though the eating and drinking were good also. We preferred staying in our rooms and taking our meals by ourselves, to joining the *table d'hote,* which was always very late and crowded, and otherwise unpleasant. Our fellow-passengers used to keep it up in fine style—dining late, and then dancing afterwards, to the tone of an old rattle-trap piano, out of tune!

Our baggage joined us in the course of the day, and we were able to get our boxes up into our rooms. How long we

were to be detained at Alexandria, there was no knowing; at all events, we could not move until the arrival of the steamer, and she could not quit without the Bombay passengers. I therefore made up my mind to have a long sojourn in this place; so sent all our things to the wash, preparatory to our Mediterranean trip. Washing is well and reasonably done at Alexandria, by old French women, and I would recommend travellers to follow my plan; clean linen is always a comfort, and, besides, they pack better than foul clothes. How long our detention lasted, and how it ended, the reader shall be made acquainted with in due course of time; *ad interim,* I propose we take a trip into the town and city, and see all that is to be seen.

Alexandria is a fine place, but it might

be made far superior to what it is. Oh! if *we* had it, what an excellent station it would be for a large garrison! And this is where the far-famed Queen Cleopatra held her sway! Where the great Anthony told his tale of love! And where the mighty Napoleon, with his war-like legions, prepared to carry his ambitious projects into execution, of conquering the whole of Egypt; and, finally, planting his victorious banners on the sunny shores of Hindustan! I cannot better describe this ancient city than by quoting what Lord Lindsay has said in his letters. His description tallies, in some measure, with what I saw myself, and the picture is so accurately drawn, and so simply coloured, that the reader may almost fancy himself on the spot. It is extraordinary, and yet a fact, how much the

imagination is aided by a simple and plain description of any place or thing, instead of a lengthened and glowing tale, full of poetical and romantic phraseology, which serve only to confuse and weary, instead of edifying or amusing the reader. Lord Lindsay, mentioning Alexandria, says that it is "a town half Turkish, half Frank, turbans and hats seeming equally at home in it; mounds beyond mounds stretching away, to the south, east, and west of it; whole lines of ancient streets traceable by the wells recurring every six or seven yards, by which the contiguous houses, long since crumbled away, drew water from the vast cisterns with which the whole city was undermined: wretched hovels, clustered here and there in the suburbs, and towering groves of date trees scattered at wide intervals over the

cheerless solitude. Such is the present aspect of Alexandria;" and such it might have been at the period of his visit: but great improvements have since taken place in the appearance of the town. The ruins have been in many places removed; the rubbish cleared away; in lieu of which, large and substantial houses have been erected; regular streets are being formed in all directions; the place swarms with English, French, and Italians, by the thousands. A great portion of Alexandria has been restored; and if the improvements which are now taking place continue, there is every reason to hope that it will become a city worthy of being the capital of Egypt. There are several very elegant shops and bazaars here, kept by French and Italians; every article of luxury; and fashions of the most recent

date are to be procured at moderate prices. There are several respectable caffés, a theatre and opera, and other places of public amusement; baths, billiard rooms, and so forth. A constant arrival and departure of passengers, tavellers, men on business, ships of war and steamers with mails, &c., render the place at once a scene of liveliness and of stirring, business-like excitement. "Turbanned Turks, wild Arabs, Copts, Armenians, Jews, every nation seems to have its representative here; and the strings of camels towering along; the women gliding about in their long veils, with holes, only for the eyes to peep out at—graceful in their carriage; some carrying their children at their sides, others astride on their shoulders, are objects truly Oriental. The Arabs, especially, drest

just like the Ismaelites and Midianites, of old, carry one's imagination still further back than the catacombs — far, far into antiquity, even to the days of Joseph and the Patriarchs." This is Lord Lindsay again; and he says, truly too, with *one* exception, I think, and that is about the gracefulness of the carriage of the women. I did not see one graceful woman amongst them. Had his Lordship been to India, and beheld the symmetrical forms and really elegantly graceful figures of the women of Asia, he would not have said that the females of Alexandria had anything graceful in them; they seemed to me to be more like Dutch fishwomen than otherwise.

The day after our arrival I devoted to a good rest, and letter-writing to our friends in India and at home, reporting progress.

There is a post office here, well regulated, and affording excellent opportunities for writing; mails constantly going to France and England and other places. I went in search of the baths, and found them not far off from whence we were. What a delightful luxury is a warm bath after a long journey! I really do not know which to prefer, a comfortable bed or a bath, both are most acceptable to the wearied body. The baths at Alexandria are Turkish and European. I preferred the latter, as being best suited to my taste; though many try the former, more from curiosity than preference. I do not like the idea of being pawed and pulled about by a parcel of dirty fellows; I have heard however that the effects of a Turkish bath are beneficial in the extreme. Those I patronized are kept by a Frenchman,

who to the dignified title of "*Maitre des Bains*" had added that of "*Boulanger des Biscuits.*" The baths were frequented all day by our passengers, so the old fellow must have made a pretty penny out of us. I do not think, from what he told me that his "*Boulangerie Parisienne*" brought him much, he took good care to let us know he was a *baker* as well as a *bather*, for he had his trades put up in enormous large black letters on the wall of his grounds, which might be used by ships at sea as marks to steer by, were there no buildings to hide them from the view.

The next day we visited the Padsha's palace an extensive building, situated close to the water's edge, and in every way worthy of being designated "*Palace;*" a princely residence, fit only for a sovereign, and reflecting credit on those who had the

management of decorating and furnishing it. We lingered and loitered about this beautiful palace for the space of three or four hours, quite enchanted with all we saw. The private apartments are most gorgeously hung with rich crimson satin and velvet curtains, and the walls covered with the same materials, elegantly furnished and ornamented after the French fashion. Some of the floors of the rooms are beautifully boarded with wood of different colours; some entirely black, with a smooth polish. The chimney ornaments are rich and exquisite, having, on each, large clocks with self performing musical boxes playing all the time we were in each room; some of our ladies waltzed and enjoyed themselves much in his Highness the Padsha's Palace. The gardens are well laid out, and appeared to be

kept in good order, though they are not extensive. The public rooms are equally as well furnished and ornamented as the more private. The whole of the palace is indeed worth visiting and seeing. There were some splendid specimens of Egyptian marble and alabaster, in the shape of vases and urns and other ornaments. The back part of the palace looked upon the sea, commanding a view of the whole harbour, and the building presented from the water an agreeable *coup d'œil.*

The harbour of Alexandria is so well known, and consequently so little requiring comment or description, that I will not trouble the reader with a detail of its advantages or otherwise; however, to those who have not seen or read of it, or had the opportunity of admiring its capabilities, I may briefly state, that it is one of the

most beautiful and capacious perhaps in the Mediterranean, and well capable of holding an immense number of ships of the largest size. At the time I was there the harbour was crowded with vessels of all dimensions, and from all countries, lying at anchor or moored; amongst these, we saw several of the Padsha's navy.

We visited the admiral's ship, a large three decker, and went all over her. The vessel has many points in her worthy of admiration, but there was something in her *wofully bad!* We were advised to go and see this ship, as being a splendid craft; the consequences were, that all our party expected something grand and superior. There was a fine exhibition of guns, clean and polished; brass belaying pins, boarding pikes and tomahawks, neatly arranged; ropes flemished down; the

cabins on the poop, good and commodious; all very proper. Aloft, the yards were *nearly* all square; the ropes and rigging taut; (plenty of Irish pennants;) the masts clean scraped, and a good display of bunting, the sails were bent, but very badly furled and stowed. The between-decks are spacious and well kept, clean and unencumbered by the men's mess tables, and other et ceteras, as on board our ships. Standing at the sternmost part of the lower deck, and looking forward, is a beautiful sight certainly; still was there something wanting to complete, something deficient, which we could not help remarking. There are no accommodations for the officers; all their berths are down in the Orlop deck or cock pit; these are very inferior, and indeed the officers themselves appeared a poor

set. There was not much difference in point of dress between them and the common men; and the first-lieutenant, who attended us, was a vary plebeian-looking fellow, nothing to distinguish him from the common herd, save a red sash round his waist. The men mustered strong on board this ship. I suppose there were upwards of twelve hundred, officers and all, such a set of raggamuffins and cut-throat villains, I never saw before. The naval are as bad as the military, in point of discipline; no order, no regularity, all seemed masters, and did as they pleased; there were some of them sitting on the hammock nettings, and others were running about, chasing each other over the decks, little boys riding cock-horse on the quarter deck carronades, and the sentries digging holes in the ship with their bay-

onets by way of amusement? Others were performing their genuflections in the tops and chains, whilst the officer of the watch and another were amusing themselves with a game at chess on the capstan head! The men do not eat in messes, as we do; each fellow cooks for himself, and eats when he likes; how they get on at tea I cannot imagine. They seemed to me to be a useless, good-for-nothing set, apparently not knowing how to do anything, or perhaps not willing. There happened to be some signals ordered to be shown; I never saw a thing done in so lubberly a way in all my life! Altogether, this ship is a fine one, and would be better were she manned by some of our *hearts of oak;* I say this ship is a fine one but she is the only one which can be considered so. I saw several *line of battles*

lying in ordinary, and some frigates, and corvettes, moored in the harbour. The former were in wet docks, and all seemed to me, as they really were, *broken backed!* And as for the latter, they looked more like colliers, than ships of war; really they are a disgrace to the country, the Padsha ought to blush to have such hulks; but so it is with these orientals; such matters are but of secondary consideration with them, provided they consider themselves good Moslems, and flatter their consciences that they are on the way to Paradise! The army and navy of Egypt are upon a par with each other; no wonder then they get so dreadfully drubbed whenever they go to war. The army requires British officers, and the navy new ships, since those now composing it, are fit only for firewood!

## CHAPTER II.

Pompey's Pillar—Cleopatra's Needles—Ruins of Ancient Alexandria—Catacombs—Resident Consuls.

I had heard, and that from my childhood, of Pompey's Pillar (what child has not ?) and was therefore anxious to see it. So, after breakfast one morning, I mounted a donkey, and ride to the place. Who has not read some accounts of this famous monument of antiquity? All the world has, and there are many of it, not-

withstanding which, gentle reader, pray have patience and see what sort of a description I can give you.

Pompey's Pillar is an extraordinary and wonderfully large one, made of one huge block of granite, of beautiful granite too; it is enormously high, and must have cost immense labour and trouble to erect. How it was made to stand upright, I cannot tell; and the reader may imagine the difficulty of the task when I here inform him that the pillar is upwards of eighty feet high, and about twenty-five in circumference. The shaft itself is sixty-four feet high, and eight or nine feet in diameter. The pedestal is about twelve feet high and the capital is about nine or ten feet. The lower part of the column or pedestal is very much worn away, by travellers constantly chipping pieces off; the pillar will, I am afraid,

one of these days be coming down; for the pedestal will soon not have sufficient strength to support the enormous block above it. Is it not a great shame, that these mischievous practices should be allowed; why does not the Padsha place sentries over the precious relic to prevent it? The ravages of time are I should say sufficient, and people should be proud to allow such a wonderful specimen of human labour to exist, instead of doing all they can to hasten its ruin. The French did all in their power towards preserving this pillar, while our countrymen amused themselves by chipping off large pieces of granite to take home as curiosities. This is an illustration of the difference in the tastes of the two nations, as regards the cultivation of works of art, and relics of antiquity. There does not seem to be any

authenticated account as to the origin of the pillar. Some say it was erected by Solomon, and is one remaining of several. Others that the great Pompey himself raised it, to perpetuate his own memory. An Arab writer declares that it is the central one of seven of the same dimensions, and which ornamented an edifice generally called the "*house of wisdom*," that these seven columns were brought there by seven giants in their arms! Some say that Pompey's head was buried underneath it! Lord Lindsay gives a different version regarding its origin. "The shaft," says he, "of Pompey's Pillar adorned the temple of Serapis; and the library of the Ptolemies," (the house of wisdom above alluded to, I presume,) "till it was removed to its present site, and furnished with a capital and base, in honour of Diocletian, whose

name, Mr. Hamilton was the first to decipher, the whole inscription, long supposed to be entirely lost, having been recovered, letter by letter, by the united acumen of a few wise men of Britain. It is only distinguishable by the strong light of the mid-day sun. This inscription, alluded to by Lord Lindsay, is in Greek characters, thus translated :

TO DIOCLETIANUS AUGUSTUS
MOST ADORABLE EMPEROR
THE TITULAR DEITY OF ALEXANDRIA
PONTIUS PREFECT OF EGYPT
CONSECRATES THIS.

Many of the letters were utterly illegible, but some of the words were known or surmised, from those letters which could be read. This remark does not apply to the name of the prefect, since the first two letters only of his name can be deciphered.

most beautiful and capacious perhaps in the Mediterranean, and well capable of holding an immense number of ships of the largest size. At the time I was there the harbour was crowded with vessels of all dimensions, and from all countries, lying at anchor or moored; amongst these, we saw several of the Padsha's navy.

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Another version of the inscription is by Dr. Clark; it is as follows:

POSTHUMUS PREFECT OF EGYPT
AND THE PEOPLE OF THE METROPOLIS
(HONOR.)
TO THE MOST REVERED EMPEROR
THE PROTECTING DIVINITY OF ALEXANDRIA
THE DIVINE HADRIAN AUGUSTUS.

The reader will observe the difference between the two inscriptions, or rather between the two translations of the *supposed* inscriptions; and I doubt not but a slight degree of sceptism may be indulged in, as to the validity of them. I should feel clined, however, to give credit to that one of Mr. Hamilton, as it is the shorter of the two. Dr. Clark's is a long affair, and verges on the imaginative.

I think I saw the inscription alluded to; but the most prominent and easiest deciphered, are several made by some jolly

tars; who with brush and black paint have recorded in large letters, either their own, or the names of their ships. There were Smiths, Johnsons, Browns, and Thomsons innumerable, while the lower part of the pedestal was covered with scribblings and cuttings, indicating visits paid by travellers from all parts of Europe. When the French were in Egypt, they tried all they could to make out the Greek inscriptions alluded to, but their *savans* quite failed: however, the English (some officers in the garrison of Alexandria,) were more successful, and the first translation I have given, is the result of their labours. When the British fleet was at Alexandria, some of the men of the ships contrived a method to reach the top of the pillar, by means of a kite; and indeed the crew of every man-of-war which arrives there,

makes it a point of taking a trip up to the top, merely for the sake of saying that they, too, had been there; a spirit of emulation on the parts of our sailors, which I suppose will be kept up as long as Pompey's Pillar continues in its present position.

After having gazed long on the pillar, I rode back again, and loitered along, looking at "this, that, and everything else;" men, women, and children; fortifications, houses, huts, prostrate marble, and granite pillars; ruins and loose earth; dirt and rubbish; and came at length to where *Cleopatra's needles* are situated. Why they should bear that peculiar designation, I cannot imagine; they are as much like needles, as steam boats. There are two of them, one erect, and the other prostrate, half buried in the earth.

These needles are each, one entire piece of red granite, about sixty feet in length, and eight feet square at the base; they are covered with hieroglyphics, from top to bottom, though from the ravages of time and exposure, the carving is being fast obliterated; indeed the granite itself is in a decaying state. Several attempts were made, from time to time, to remove the prostrate obelisk to England, but each time the attempt was abandoned; now, I imagine the doing so would be a matter of impossibility, unless the Padsha takes it into his head to send it as a present to our beloved Queen; it would form no insignificant ornament at Windsor. The two needles, it is said, served at one time to decorate one of the entrances to the Palace of the Ptolemies, the ruins of

which are contiguous. I was much struck with their appearance. How many years have they remained on that spot? What the occasion of their origin? Where are those who made them? What were the hierophyphics carved upon them? These were questions which, with many others, crowded upon my mind, and afforded ample food for contemplation. Ah, Mahomed Ali! Thou mighty sovereign of Egypt; though much to be pitied, still much to be envied! What splendid remains of Antiquity dost thou possess! And how little, very little, dost thou seem to care about them! What litle value dost thou seem to place on such invaluable relics, and how ignorant art thou of the treasures thou art in possession of! And yet Mahomed Ali is happy in his ignorance; never caring what becomes of his (to

him) valueless treasures; never giving a thought to pyramids, pillars, or needles, mummies or catacombs! Alas! that such antiquities should exist and not be in better hands! Where ignorance is bliss, (as is the case with the Padsha) it is indeed folly to be wise.

Alexandria abounds in ruins of all sorts. Wherever the traveller goes he is sure to meet with something to interest the eye, and afford opportunity of investigation to the curious and learned in antiquarian researches. At the time I was there, workmen were employed in all quarters, in clearing away the ruins and improving the appearance of the town; excavations here and there were being made, and a few ancient relics brought to light. Ancient Alexandria lies buried in sand, in the same manner

as did Pompei, in ashes. Were Egypt in possession of an enlightened and more civilized nation, what splendid use would be made of the former! What magnificent specimens of sculpture, as well as architecture, which now lie concealed, and have been so for ages past, would be made known to the scientific world! I hope the day is not far distant when such will be the case. Time, and the rapid strides of the march of intellect, will expose what ignorance and stupidity throw a veil over; and, I trust, we shall sooner or later have the gratification of beholding what is now hidden from us. I have no doubt but that were the Padsha to persevere in the work, he would be amply rewarded; but as he does not appear to appreciate such things, we must come to the conclusion that unless some

other power ruled Egypt, we shall never have justice done to the sleeping remains of an ancient and once famous race of people.

Amongst the ruins of Alexandria, and the most curious, are the famous *catacombs,* which every one has heard or read of. I will not, therefore, trouble my friends with any long account of them. They are situated at some distance (about six or seven miles) from the city, and the traveller is in consequence obliged to make a regular day's work of it. I rode thither on a donkey, and was highly gratified with the interesting sight. We went in a party, the more the merrier, and took a supply of provisions with us for the day; also a very intelligent dragoman, Boghaz by name, a fine fellow, and far superior to my Cairo Abdallah. When arrived at the place, we were

shown the entrance, which is curious of itself. The catacombs having, of course, no light, we were necessitated to carry torches; and the passages at times were so low, that all fours were frequently brought into play. We explored several chambers, and saw bones, &c. strewed on the ground—sad relics of human nothingness; I was glad to come out again very quickly from the place of darkness and death; for the air inside was close and oppressive and the smoke of the torches so suffocating, that I could scarcely breathe, however, the coolness outside soon revived me. I would recommend a perusal of Lord Lindsay's short and concise account of these catacombs. He made a successful and most interesting investigation of the interior, and discovered by his perseverance the entrance from the sea

shore; at least, he came to the couclusion of the where-abouts the said entrance was. His paragraph regarding the catacombs is worthy of remark; I cannot, I think, do better than insert it here. Mentioning his surmises, he says, "The sea seems to have washed sand and soil into the catacombs; and after filling as we now beheld them, to have finally choked up the entrance, so that it was undiscoverable from the shore. I do not think we have made any new discovery, for the French are said in one of my guide books, to have made a complete plan of these extraordinary excavations; but I am glad we have made them out so satisfactorily to ourselves. Oh! that they were all cleared out, that one could enter from the shore, traverse that noble hall, and enter the shrine, just as the votaries did

of old, two thousand years ago!" I echo his feelings most heartily! Would that such an event could happen! Dr. Clarke's account of these catacombs is also very interesting. As I before observed, I was so overcome with the close air, that I was but a short time inside: I could not therefore see what others were more fortunate in seeing; I cannot in consequence expatiate upon or do justice to the wonders of this dreary and dark labyrinth. It is worth riding the distance we did, to see it, and I hope that my readers, (should it ever be in their power) will take the trip, and satisfy themselves.

There is a Resident Consul at Alexandria from every European power. One part of the town contains scarcely any thing but their houses—some fine buildings—others quite the contrary. In front

of each house, and over the entrance gate or door way, is suspended the arms of the power of which the individual Consul is the representative; and the national flag of each is hoisted on a mast, on the top of each house! These being so close to each other, made me take them for the masts of shipping, when I caught a glimpse of them from the distance. Our own flag floated majestically in the breeze, as if in proud consciousness of superiority over the others. The beautiful Union Jack flying is a lovely sight! What Briton does not gaze upon it with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure?

## CHAPTER III.

Bombay Passengers—Detention of our Party—Dreadful Weather—The Steamer, Great Liverpool—Her Mishap—A Dilemma.

WE had now been residing at Alexandria for about eight days, when the long expected Bombay passengers made their appearance. I must here inform the inexperienced reader, that by Bombay passengers I mean those who come from that presidency in the government steamers bringing the mails. They are landed at

Suez, and come across the desert, and down the Nile, at their own expense; that is to say, they arrange with the Transit Company for their transport, &c., and again, when they arrive at Alexandria, they either embark, with the other passengers, on board the Peninsula Company's steamer, or proceed as best suits their pleasure or convenience. They were a long time in coming, but whether they came or not, it did not matter, for the vessel which was to take us on, had not as yet arrived. So there we were at a stand still, doing nothing, but spending our money at the shops and bazaars, and wasting our precious time. I say wasting time, because we were anxious to reach home for the Christmas, or rather New-year enjoyments, notwithstanding that we had so many pleasures where we were,

in exploring antiquities, and seeing wonderful sights.

Our detention was very tiresome, and gave sufficient reason for discontent, because instead of our lingering at Alexandria, we ought to have been close to England. The cause of the non-arrival of the Liverpool, could not be made out, unless she had met with some accident, which had detained her. The surmises, as may be imagined, were many, and people were actually beginning to look about procuring other means of conveyance, in preference to staying where we were.

At this period, and for several days previous, the weather had been very bad indeed. Strong gales of wind, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and heavy torrents of rain, had prevailed; and it was sadly feared that our steamer had

either gone to the bottom, or had run into some port for safety. The oldest sailors and inhabitants of the place had declared that they had not experienced such dreadful gales of wind for many years; and the fanatical Moslems averred that the storm had been sent by *Allah* to blow away the plague, which is generally prevalent at that season of the year; and strange to say, not a single case of that dreadful malady had occurred during the whole time we were in Egypt!

I think it was on the morning of our tenth day, that a steamer was signalized bearing the English flag, this we so made sure was the one so long and so anxiously looked for, but she proved to be one of Her Majesty's mail steamers, the Alecto, which gave us sad intelligence of the dreadful passage she had made; and of the fate of

the unfortunate Liverpool. The Alecto had last seen her at Malta; where she had gone to refit: an accident having occurred which prevented her coming any further, until damages had been repaired. The sea had been so high, and the gale so strong, that in making way, the shaft, which connects the two engines, and enables them to work together, had snapped like a bit of wood, and rendered the starboard engine useless; so that, to go to sea with only one, in such weather, would have been considered madness. Several of the India bound passengers, who were coming out in her, left the vessel, and came on in the Alecto; and when she arrived, they landed and flocked into the hotels, open mouthed, declaring that they had had a narrow escape, that the Alecto herself had nearly gone down; and that they advised

none of us to have anything to say to that "*horrid tub,*" the Liverpool! They had never sailed in such a vessel in all their born days; she was not seaworthy; rolled paddle box under water every time it was at all rough; and that when she met with her accident, she was as near foundering as possible! These were the stories we heard; and they were sufficient to frighten any one, and all were certainly much alarmed. Some said they would not budge a peg! Others forthwith took their berths in the Alecto, (about to return to Gibraltar,) others said they did not care a farthing; that if the Liverpool came to Alexandria she could go back again! The captain of the Alecto, as smart a fellow as ever shipped a *swab,* (or a sea), declared that he did not consider the Liverpool safe at that season of the year; with

only one engine; that if any rough weather came on, she would most certainly go to the bottom! This played the deuce amongst the ladies, who one and all said they would having to do with that "*vile ship!*" It was quite amusing to see the various groups of our party, as they held their consultations; some of them tried to look so cunning too, as if they feared lest their very talking should betray their counsels to their neighbours. Some people are most dreadfully selfish on these occasions; however, all the whispered deliberations, all the secret and would-be-wise arrangements, went for nothing, as, after all, I think only two or three of the whole number proceeded in the Alecto; more of them not being able to secure berths in her. After a further delay of a day or two, the great Liverpool herself

arrives *"all a taunto"* but with only one engine! She came crab-fashion, walking the waters side ways, as it were. She made her passage from Malta in seven days.

The accident which I have above mentioned happened to be off Tunis, and it was much feared that she would not have weathered the storm; however the captain, who is a thorough seaman, contrived to get her into Gibraltar; where, by the able exertions of the ship's engineer, they managed to detach the broken shaft in such a manner as to enable the larboard engine to work of itself, the other they rendered nugatory by taking off the principal parts, and lashing the paddles. From thence they came on to Malta, where they again refitted, during which operations they received much assistance from the

Government dock-yard people, after this she came to Alexandria, where she arrived in the space of time I have already mentioned.

I never in all my days met with people who tried harder to dissuade their fellow creatures from any particular undertaking, than did the India passengers, to prevent our prosecuting our journey in this unfortunate steamer. True is it that it was a risk, and a great risk too; but if the vessel was able to come from Malta, she was also able to go back again. The captain declared he was ready to take us as far as that island, but no further; he stated the probabilities of another vessel being sent from England, as he had reported the accident when at Gibraltar, (by means of a French steamer, going at the time to Marseilles; and recommended

our proceeding, at all events, to Malta; where we could perform our quarantine, and it was not very probable that we should be detained there long. What was to be done? I made up my mind to go by her, indeed I had no alternative, the whole party were in sad dilemma; they did not know which way to turn, for after hearing what the new comers had so foolishly told them, their fears were excited, and they were perplexed with doubts, as to the safety of the undertaking. The captain again said, he would not venture the channel passage in the crippled state of his vessel, with so many passengers on board; but that were he by himself, he would not hesitate to take her home in that condition, as, in his own opinion, he was confident that his ship was just as seaworthy as any other vessel; he had sails, if

he had no engines, and she was a good sailer, as had been often tested on former occasions. These resolute declarations of the captain determined the wavering doubts and calmed the fears of the passengers; who all resolved to hazard the voyage, and we began to make preparations for another start.

The good folks at the hotel were sorry to lose us, after so long a sojourn amongst them; and the donkey boys, who daily crowded the entrance, lamented our departure, in loud exclamations of sorrow. Poor dumb donkeys were, I dare say, glad that they were to have a respite for a season, from their labours; for they were most deucedly hard worked, while we were at Alexandria! Our bills at the hotel were enormous; luckily I had brought a sufficient supply of money. There were

several amongst us who were obliged to borrow, and here I would advise every person coming overland, to take a good purse full of cash, as there is no knowing when it may be required; and running short of coin is a very unpleasant circumstance on such occasions, it will be allowed, particularly when you cannot obtain a supply, except by a bill at an enormous loss *by discount.* Several of our passengers gave cheques on London bankers, and forfeited so much as eight or ten per cent. I would advise the traveller to have at least between thirty or forty pounds with him; he will find that sum not too much, and really the luggage is so taken care of, that there is no chance of any thing, even money, being lost: I mention this as perhaps the question may be asked as to how so large a sum can be

carried; 'tis easy enough to be sure. I brought my money in a bag in my portmanteau, and I think I had about fifty pounds in all coins with me. But we must now get on board the Great Liverpool for which purpose I beg the readers attention to the next chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

Embarkation on Board the Great Liverpool—A Description of that Vessel—Treatment on Board —Favourable Weather—Arrival at Malta.

At about twelve o'clock we drove down to the place of embarkation; and, as there were three ladies with me, besides a servant and child, it may be supposed I had a difficult task to perform in looking after them all; the more particularly when I mention, that the crowds which thronged the quay, were such, that it was quite a labour to get through; as it was, I had my pocket

picked of a nice silk handkerchief—a proof that the light-fingered gentry, indulge in their propensities at Alexandria, as well as in other places. The wind was blowing fresh, and the boats were dancing about very prettily, much to the dismay of the females with me: added to this, whilst I was looking one way, the servant and the child of one lady jumped into one boat, and the mother into that. Another lady kept crying out—"Oh, my carpet bag! My carpet bag! Oh, where is my carpet bag?" Whilst the third lady was quite distracted by the noise, and dense crowd, and the thoughts of embarking in one of *those little-walnut shells,* as she was pleased to term the boats. It was a long time before we could get away; I was obliged to pull mistress, the maid servant, and the youngster out of the boat

into which she had so rashly jumped, and put them in with mamma, who was at last satisfied, and I sent them off; then I was obliged to go hunting after the other lady's truant carpet bag, which I at length found under the stern sheets of another boat, she having given it to the first boatman who had accosted her: the bag being found, we jumped into the boat in which it was, and shoved off; no easy job either; for, hemmed in as we were by a hundred others, we were well nigh smashed with the pressure; however, when once clear, we set sail and dashed along nicely. One of the ladies (and they are always Job's comforters when you are at all in a hurry) declaring, at one time, that we should be left behind, and at another, that we were all going to the bottom—silly creatures, some women

are, when they are frightened without a cause. Coming alongside was just as bad: for the ship was rolling from the heavy swell in the harbour, so that getting out of the boat, on to the side ladder, was a task of no easy accomplishment, and attended with danger. The officer at the gang-way and some, of the men, here made themselves very useful, and assisted us on board; when there, we made our way through heaps of raw beef and mutton; piles of cabbages, turnips, carrots, and other vegetables; empty buckets, wet swabs, and greasy mops; portmanteaus and band boxes, all strewing the deck: however, we reached our cabins, and were all safe; there was no necessity for hurrying, as the ship did not get underweigh until full two hours after we were on board.

The Liverpool was formerly an American steamer; that is to say, she used to ply between England and America, and had had some severe encounters with the seas and winds during her journeys across the troubled waters of the dangerous Atlantic. The vessel is smaller than the Hindustan, and very inferior to her in many respects. She has been built upon; that is, her sides have been heightened, and they are in consequence as straight as walls; with bows as sharp as razors—an ungainly ugly looking object she is, too; painted all black, and as dirty outside as foul weather and knocking about can make her. She is fifty-horse power less than the Hindustan, and her accommodations very different, though, at the same time more comfortable; her cabins being better arranged, and altogether more airy

and roomy. There are two saloons, one aft, and the other forward; and there are sleeping berths on deck. The cabin we had was a most comfortable one, in the after saloon; the attendance excellent, every thing very clean; plenty of fresh water, and no insects; we had only two things to find fault with, and these were the having only one engine to work our way; and the crankness (if there is such a word in the English language) of our vessel: in very truth, she was a dreadful roller, as the least sea on, made her tumble about from one side to the other, as if verily, she was half seas over.

Our captain proved himself a very kind, attentive, gentlemanly person, aud did every thing in his power to make us comfortable and happy. The other officers were a proper set, and the purser an odd

fish; all went on smoothly; we had plenty to eat and to drink, the former first-rate; the cooking faultless, and the latter of the very best. There was a small band on board, which enabled us to have a dance almost every night, under the awning which was spread on purpose.

We were quite astonished, and most agreeably surprised at the rate our good ship went; I think her speed was nine knots an hour, and that with one paddle may be considered good. The weather was very favorable; we calculated upon reaching Malta in about a week, and we had nothing to be afraid of, or to annoy us. The old Liverpool held her way most gallantly: if she *was* crank, or a roller, or ugly, or had but one paddle, she managed remarkably well; she was steered adroitly and the captain was ever

on the watch, on deck night and day, in case of foul weather, or further accidents; thank God, there was neither, and we were as happy as the day was long.

This must be a very abrupt chapter, for the time we were in reaching Malta was so short, that I cannot manage to spin it out more than I have done. On the morning of the fifth day, we made the island. I never was so astonished, as when I came on deck before breakfast, to see that we were running into the harbour. Thus had we come safe, by God's blessing, without any accident, in the wonderfully short space of four and half days from the time of onr quitting Alexandria, and that with only *one* paddle! what will the croakers say to this, when they hear of it? It was a lovely morning; the scene was rendered an exciting one, from the circum-

stance of one of our 74-gun ships, the Formidable, coming out of the harbour towed by a steamer. What a lovely sight it was! After she had been cast off, the yards were instantly manned, and a cloud of canvass fell from them; the sheets hauled home, and away she went—a beautiful looking thing, full of life, and then she saluted the admiral too; *that* was worth looking at, after sandy deserts and Egyptian hulks! I wish the Padsha (I have now done with him—) *would* take a few hints and lessons from us as regards his navy or his army, but when will he, that's the question?

# CHAPTER IV.

Malta — Quarantine Harbour — Lazaretto — Disagreable Discussions—The result of them—Quarantine on Board—The Guardiana—The Parlatorio.

MALTA has a pretty appearance from the sea, the approach to it is picturesque in the extreme; and as we neared it, and caught sight of the battlements one over the other, with the domes and towers of various sacred edifices, and other buildings in the town, rearing their heads above the fortifications; the shipping, some moving

to and fro, some at anchor, from the thundering three-decker to the sprightly *speronare*, the bayonets of the sentries on the ramparts glistening in the sun, all presented a gay and gladsome spectacle, more resembling a scene in England, and more pleasing to the eye than aught we had yet seen. The waters sparkled in the bright sunshine, and as we neared the town we could distinguish the people moving about which gave life and animation to the scenery.

I need hardly mention any description of this Island. It may, however, be briefly stated, that it is one of the most important of our possessions, affording, by its numerous and capacious harbours, ample room for our navies, and trading vessels, to take shelter in; and, independent of that, forming of itself a bold and powerful rock of

defence in time of war. It is considered the strongest port in the Mediterranean, and impregnable, if properly defended. I was quite surprised at seeing the beautiful harbours above alluded to; and they are naturally so placed, that the entrances to them are small, and consequently more easily defended; and the fortifications seemed to me to be so well arranged that strong and powerful batteries are brought to bear upon every part of those localities where passages are at all likely to be attempted. The capital of the island is *La Valetta,* a large town, and built upon the rocks, but of this I shall mention more anon.

We entered the quarantine harbour (the yellow flag, indicative of our having come from a plague country) flying at our mast head; we came to an anchor after a most

intricate business; our huge lumbering craft having to steer through innumerable small fry moored inside. We brought to opposite the *Lazaretto,* at which place, all passengers in vessels under quarantine, are obliged, by the port regulations, to reside during their ordeal. We recognised the parties who had come on in the Alecto, and very comfortable and happy they looked too, more like prisoners confined for burglary, than honest men on their way to England.

As soon as we had anchored, the crew of the ship commenced hoisting up our luggage; and, upon inquiry as to the cause of their doing so, we were informed, that we would have to go on shore to reside at the Lazaretto, during the period of our quarantine. We instantly protested against the measure, as we had

one and all paid our full amount of passage-money, to be landed at Southampton; and that no one could compel us to quit the ship. This was a very disagreeable discussion, and placed the captain and purser of the vessel, in a very awkward position with the passengers. They informed us, that the regulations were strict, and that land we *must!* We argued the point, and proved that they could not oblige us to go to the Lazaretto, and that we would perform our quarantine on board, despite all they said to the contrary. The good folks of the Great Liverpool quite forgot, that they had some *very old soldiers* to deal with, and found that we were not to be out manœuvred by them; so the captain ordered *up anchor*, and took his ship into the next harbour, and moored close to the Vernon, fifty guns, and other

men-of-war lying there. The captain and purser went on shore, and came back again, and told us that the agent at Malta declared that we *must* go to the Lazaretto, and that we should not be maintained at the company's expense, if we persisted in staying in the ship. We answered, that we were willing to pay so much a day, but that *that* point even admitted of argument; and we would, consequently, consider on it. The agent then sent to say, that the regulations obliged us to land. We desired them to *show* us those regulations; and, at the same time, stated our intentions of applying to the governor of the island for justice as British officers and subjects. A memorial to that effort was duly drawn out and signed; hearing which, the agent became alarmed, and began to change his tone, sending his mes-

sages in milder terms; we were convinced that right was on our side, and would not leave the ship. We declared our intentions of reporting the treatment we had experienced to our friends in India; that it would mar the prospects of the Peninsular Company, then even in its infancy; that they could not possibly expect passengers to come by their ships, after such unheard-of behaviour, and so forth. This had the desired effect. We were *permitted* at first to stay in the ship paying for our board, and then matters improved by the agreeable intelligence being conveyed to us, that we might perform our quarantine free of all expense. Now, this was as it should be, but the agent lost himself by trying to drive us on shore, to eke out our twelve days in a miserable Lazaretto, at our own expence, after we had paid our

passage direct to England! The circumstance of the Liverpool not being able to carry us any further, was no fault of our's, nor was any blame attached, as far as that was concerned, to the opposition party; still the company, upon receiving our money, had guaranteed to convey us to England free of all expenses, excepting those of hotels; surely we had paid enough at those of Cairo and Alexandria; it was very hard, therefore, that this additional drain upon our already empty pockets, should be imposed upon us; and as for the restrictions of the quarantine laws, we had nothing to say to them, nor could they prove to us that such laws were in existence, if they were, they could not show them to us. Their attempting, therefore, to *force* us out of the ship, first *nolens volens*, and then by their own arguments,

was bad policy, and ill-judged, misplaced harshness, which we did not expect they would have been guilty of. It was fine fun, these debates; there was some good speaking, and as is general on such occasions, a great quantity of noise; many sheets of foolscap were spoilt, and plenty of ink and pens expended. However, we carried the day, and were content. The captain and purser behaved very well indeed; of course, they had nothing to do with the discussions, excepting that they were carrying out the wishes of the agent, who though a crafty man in the way of pounds, shillings, and pence, prices of cabins and of coals, still was not so crafty as to be able to out-wit old, long-headed soldiers, and others as sharp, if not sharper than himself.

It was then finally arranged, and that

satisfactorily *to us;* that we were to remain "*as we were,*" *id est,* not to go on shore to be packed up in a dirty Lazaretto amongst dirty Turks, Arabs and Armenians; but to perform our twelve days' quarantine on board the good ship Great Liverpool; to be fed and lodged as at sea, and be treated as hitherto at the Company's expense. This was all right and proper, and really it was a great pity that the agent should have attempted the foolish method of turning us adrift, in the very abrupt manner in which he did; we were much disgusted at it, as indeed we well might be; however, matters were amicably adjusted; a treaty of peace had been concluded, and all went on as smoothly and as merrily as our confined situation would permit us; with the shore close to us, and pleasures of all sorts staring us in the

face, without being able to touch the one, or partake of the other.

I must confess, that I felt rather dull the first day or two, but found plenty to amuse me; time passed on faster than I had anticipated; and what with eating, drinking, and dangling my legs over the ship's sides, fishing and watching all that was going on in the harbour, there was plenty of *food* for the body as well as for the mind. We lived like *fighting cocks;* fresh meat, fish, and vegetables every day from the shore, the most exquisite wines that could be had; in fact, they fed us better, if possible, after the disagreeable occurrences alluded to, than they had done before; the servants were doubly attentive, and old Purser as facetious as his intellects would permit him. How he, poor fellow, bore the extra demands upon his stores;

how he could see his locked-up treasures daily becoming more slender; how he could stand that as philosophically as he did, I cannot tell; he must have had the patience and forbearance of a Job! Fine time had we of it, on board the Liverpool in Valetta harbour. I would not mind spending another twelve day's quarantine in a similar manner.

Directly we were moored, a party of old fellows, in queer uniforms, (blue with dirty yellow facings) came on board. These, I was informed, were the quarantine police, called "*guardiana,*" they having to reside on board the vessels during the period of their being under restriction; and seeing that the rules of the quarantine were strictly enforced. These men once coming to the ship, cannot leave her until she obtains "*pratique;*" that is to say, until

she has performed her ordeal, and is declared, by the port surgeon, free from contagion. There were four of them with us, and the old rascals kept their weather eyes open on all occasions; though they were perfectly civil and enforced their orders in the most respectful manner possible. Their duties were to prevent communication with the shore, boats, or people; and to see that all things going to the former were taken in by long poles or pitchforks; and that the latter did not come in contact with any bod iny the ships. Any letters going to the post were handed into the boat by one of these guardiana, the letters being placed in a small box attached to the end of a pole; they were then taken and fumigated previous to dispatch. Money was handed in a similar manner; but, instead of the receiver taking

it at once into his hands, the coin was dropt into a bucket of salt water, and then considered fit for the pocket—not before! Things coming from the shore were tossed into the ship "*sans ceremonie*," or handed in the manner above-mentioned; a fine harvest did the shore folks make from the prisoners on board the Great Liverpool. They brought all sorts of things for sale, and, as may be supposed, found ready purchasers. Every other day the guardiana had to open and air all our luggage, or rather, the contents of our trunks and portmanteaus—a very disagreeable operation, particularly to the ladies, and which annoyed us all not a little. Mine were the first boxes opened; and I was so enraged at seeing all my things tossed about, that my fingers itched to give the guardiana a good thump on the head;

however the business was gone through—we had no alternative—as it was insisted upon; though it lasted only for the first day, and *something* in the hand precluded the necessity of a repetition. I cannot say that although I am a strict advocate for rules and regulations being acted up to, still I consider this *farce* of exposing the contents of our boxes (clean or dirty) to the air, and consequently to the gaze and criticism of spectators, a most useless and indelicate operation, to say the least of it. There was one lady amongst our party, who almost fainted, when she heard that her boxes were to be turned inside out. These men are open to a "*douceur*" and any kind words or civility from the parties, in addition to that irresistible thing; invariably had the desired effect; otherwise they are most strict and do their

duty well. Had they persisted in looking at all the trunks, &c., on board, which they ought properly to have done, the operation would have taken them two or three months; as it was, I do not think they got through one fourth of the whole. I shall never forget one circumstance connected with this nonsensical exhibition, which was highly amusing, and which I cannot do better than narrate here. It was as follows:—one of the passengers had a *mummy* from Egypt, nicely packed and soldered in tin, and nailed up in a strong deal case; the Guardiana insisted upon opening and airing the contents of the box, not knowing what was therein; upon being informed, the old fellow jumped aside, crossed himself, and exclaimed, "What! dead body!" However, he would have the deal box opened, not feeling

inclined to credit what we told him, and I dare say, actuated from curiosity, to see this frightful object which had startled him so; the box *was* opened, the soldering undone, and the said mummy exposed to the air: to prevent contagion, forsooth! the thing was done, the duty performed; mummy was aired, and old Guardiana was satisfied. What a truly ridiculous affair it was! Somebody's box was opened every day, at first; but latterly, the old codgers with yellow facings, got tired of the business, and the matter dropt into disuse. I suppose that they had been so well primed with silver, they did not urge the operation any further, important as it was; we were deuced glad of this, for we thought it very tiresome, having to parade one's kit, like soldiers at an inspection of necessaries.

There is a place appointed in Valetta harbour on shore, for people in quarantine to go to; this place is called the *Parlatorio,* a queer sort of a building, close to the water's edge, and here only were we poor devils permitted to land; and to this exquisite locality, the whole of us used to congregate, spending our money, right and left, by purchasing Maltese crosses, chains, rings, and other articles of bijouterie; ladies, mittens, canary birds, cakes, ices, and all sorts of trash. The man who made most money was that old Jew, Gretien, the jeweller, and he knows it too; 'tis a splendid time for him; he knows full well that it is his harvest, and he did bring his goods to a profitable market when we were there. There was not a single person of our company who did not lay out money in buying up his trinkets; some there were who pur-

chased so much, that to look at the quantity, one would have supposed that they were going to set up shop themselves; The quarantine rules were more strictly adhered to here, than on board; we were not allowed to approach anybody within three or four yards; and any person seeing one of us near, would jump from us as if electrified. I remember running after one old man who came to vend oranges; I nearly drove him into the water. Poor fellow, how frightened he was for fear of the plague! There are double railings down the middle of the rooms; people from the vessels in quarantine, are allowed to stand on one side, and those from the shore on the other, with a space of about four feet between each railing. If we wished to take a row in the harbour, we were all put into one boat, with a guardiana

at the bows holding a yellow flag, and towed about by another boat; and really, we looked like so many prisoners under punishment, people on board the men-of-war, and other ships, looking at us as if we were so many objects of abhorrence; we were thus regularly *in limbo*—captain, officers, and crew, and all the passengers, unable to go any where except to that abominable Parlatorio, and then accompanied by one of those everlasting guardianas, without whom nothing was to be done either on shore or on board.

## CHAPTER VI.

British Ships of War—Christmas Day on Board—A Release from Confinement—The Town and Streets.

WHAT a contrast were the magnificent ships of dear Old England, to those disgusting objects at Alexandria! We had certainly one or two specimens (splendid ones too) of our navy in Valetta—the Queen and the Vernon; indeed, it was a pleasant thing to look at them; and they *were* worth looking at! For hours and hours, used I to sit, glass in hand, watching these

lovely vessels. But they were not the only ones. We had several others, besides steamers, and also a Russian brig of war— a taut little craft well built, and in good order; yards well squared by the boatswain; rigging neat, and every thing shipshape, excepting their *jollies*, who looked more like *omnibus cads* in green uniforms, than soldiers! The Queen is a beautiful ship! What a hull! What batteries! And how correct and precise everything looked aloft! Notwithstanding, however, all that may be said in her favour, I cannot (or rather could not) help preferring that dashing, saucy frigate, the Vernon. Oh, what a lucky man must the captain be, to command such a noble vessel! It so happened, that we had a Yankee (the first lieutenant of a United States' frigate) on board us, as passenger, going to America,

with dispatches; a very worthy man, and I dare say, a good seaman. I shall never forget the remark he made as we brought to alongside the Vernon. "Another brass-bottomed sea-serpent," just what a Yankee would say, very characteristic, and trite to boot. The Vernon's hull is, of itself, a beauty; she sat on the water like a noble swan. Her immense breadth of beam astonished me! I had never seen a vessel of her dimensions before; but when I beheld her crew going aloft, and handling her enormous sails, as if they were play-things, and doing their work in real man-of-war fashion, my blood boiled with delight at the exhilirating sight; and I thought to myself, how magnificent would be the spectacle of seeing her going into action! Every day there were signals from the Queen, (Admiral's ship,) for something

to do; sometimes, reef topsails; sometimes, down top-gallant yards and masts; at others, make sail, or furl sails; then the gallant fellows would vie with each other who would be smartest, and run up the rigging like so many bees swarming out of a hive. Oh, 'tis a lovely sight—a British man-of-war. On certain days, all the boats of the ships, "manned and armed" with details of marines, used to land for exercise; the bands of the liners would accompany them, and gun-squads would drag light field-pieces, and proceed to work in admirable style. These parties would sometimes join the troops in garrison, and have regular *sham fights*. That is the way to keep our fellows in order; treat them well, teach them well, and give them plenty to do. The bands used to play every evening at *tattoo beating* (8 o'clock)

and the sound of the music upon the still waters; the silvery moon shining brightly, the lights on board the ships, and in the town, gave a very beautiful effect to the whole scene; and this, for the twelve days, we were confined to the Liverpool. We spent our evenings right merrily. Dancing on the quarter-deck, from seven or eight, until ten or eleven o'clock in the night; and then good stores of eatables and drinkables, in the saloon, were very agreeable amusements, the reader will say. The warm port wine negus of the Liverpool was excellent during the cold nights.

We passed our Christmas on board, and a jolly one it was too; roast beef and plum pudding, and everything else; we only wanted to be at home with our own dear relations and friends, to complete our happiness. But alas! when we were to reach

home we knew not! Day after day did we look anxiously for the expected steamer from England, but none came; and how much longer we were to be delayed, there was no knowing. Time flew fast, and found us still at Malta, with little or no prospects of pushing forward.

We now began to think of moving, and entered into arrangements with the French steamers, to take us on, in the event of no vessels coming to fetch us. My wife and I made up our minds to go through France, but where the money was to come from to defray our expenses, there was no knowing; so we were placed in an awkward predicament, most of our loose cash was expended, and we could not possibly move without a further supply; and, unless the agent refunded a portion of our passage-money, we should most certainly be at a

stand still. After some writing and discussions, it was agreed upon by him, that were no steamer to be sent out for us, he would refund us the amount of the passage-money from Malta to Southampton; so that as far as coin was concerned, our minds were at rest; the prompitude with which the agent entered into our views, in this instance, did away with every prejudicial feeling, on our parts, with regard to the quarantine and lazaretto affair: he was a proper fellow, notwithstanding his having tried to overreach us.

At last the twelve days were expired; we were pronounced free from contagion by the sapient doctor, or whoever he was, and we were consequently released from durance vile. It was now January, 1844, and full time that we were making a move homeward; however this could not be.

The India bound steamer with passengers and mails from Southampton was daily expected, so we looked out anxiously for intelligence by her; in the mean time, we packed our traps, and bid good bye to the Liverpool, and all connected with her; jumped into boats (which crowded round the vessel directly we had obtanied *pratique*) and landed at the *Nix Mangare* stairs, and proceeded at once to the town, where we put up at one of the hotels, kept by *Madame Gobeau*, (or some such name) the *worst* establishment I ever met with. On landing, we were instantly surrounded by those pests to all places—beggars, who vociferated *Nix Mangare** most lustily. They are a great nuisance—these poor wretches; I wonder some means are not adopted to prevent their perse-

* A Maltese term—asking charity.

cuting travellers and others in the way they do. We had a long walk, and a weary one too, all up hill to our hotel, where we secured rooms and made ourselves as comfortable *as we could,* I say, *as we could,* for there were few or no comforts at this abominable place; sorry were we that we ever came to it; there was little or nothing to eat, bad was the best and the attendance worse; no fire places in our rooms and the weather cold and rainy! Madame G., the hostess, a proud *parvenue* too much engrossed with herself to look after the guests, and much too fond of the adulation of bearded Italians and fawning Frenchmen to pay any attention to *les Anglais.* I am spiteful enough to say, that I strongly recommend travellers to have nothing to do with this miserable apology to a hotel. There are others far better in

the town, more respectable, more comfortable in every respect; and had we been fortunate enough to have secured rooms at any but the one to which chance conducted us, our sojourn at Malta would have been a much more pleasing one than it proved to be. We were literally starved at Madame Gobeau's; and that, after the good living on board the Liverpool, was anything but pleasant.

What a very strangely built place is Malta! And yet it is not at all to be wondered at, considering the situation of the town. Most of the streets are in flights of steps; steep, hilly affairs, which knock a man up not accustomed to such work, in a very short time. The town is, however, a very clean one. The buildings generally are regular, and some of the public ones on no mean scale,

exhibiting elegant specimens of architectural beauty, and substantial construction. The shops are some of them very fine, and exactly like those of Old England. They have a police just as in our towns and cities, and they do their duty well, keeping the streets clear of raggamuffins and beggars, and preventing disturbances. The Government House is a fine old range of buildings, on an extensive scale, and well adapted for the residence of so great a personage as his Excellency. There is in the Government House some very old tapestry, worth seeing; also some other relics of the ancient knights. Their armoury is a curious collection, showing the arms, &c., of that fraternity, at the different periods of their powers from their origin to their end. There are, I believe, not many knights of Malta now; the order

is still kept up, but they are mere ciphers in the world; and a by-word in the island. The traveller is allowed to see these curiosities only by the kindness and civility of the aid-de-camps or military secretary of the governor; and it is requisite to call and pay your respects to these *jacks in office*, to enable you to have an entré even into the precincts of the domain.

Some of the streets at Malta are very well laid out and spacious, with *trottoirs* on either side; I allude to those which are not on a declivity; those, for instance, in the neighbourhood of the Government House, and it was a pleasure to us to walk about these, instead of clambering up or shuffling down those abominable steps. There is a public promenade, or one something like it, where people congregate in fine

weather. The band plays; ladies and gentlemen meet; some to have agreeable conversation; some to make love; and others to talk scandal; the latter being indulged in at Malta, just as much as at any other place. We saw the young millitary strutting about with fair rosy cheeks, and long hair, tight trowsers, and long sashes, foraging caps cocked on one side, and their chin straps in their mouths, chewing away as if they were wanting to cut another set of teeth, or as if they had had nothing to eat. Then there were naval officers in their characteristic uniforms walking about; French, Italians, Germans, Russians, Maltese, Greeks, and Turks, performing interesting groups by their various costumes. I used to amuse myself watching the soldiery. What a contrast to those we see

in India! There the poor fellows are such sickly, emaciated looking beings. Here they were quite the contrary; indeed, there is no comparison between the climates. In India, all is as hot as his satanic majesty; and at Malta, it is delightful. The day after our arrival, we took a stroll into the town, and saw some interesting sights, which I crave the reader's permission to narrate in the next Chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

Cathedral of St. John—Beautiful Monuments—Altar Screen — Paintings — Vaults — Troops—Maltese Men and Women.

We engaged the services of a *valet de place* (a sort of jack of all trades, a very useful member of society, provided he is honest, and there are very few who possess that virtue) and set out into the town. The first place we visited, was a pastry-cook's shop, where, although it was January, we partook of ices to our heart's content;

after which, we proceeded to St. John's Cathedral, the oldest and most remarkable sacred edifice in the town. It is a beautiful building, well worth the inspection of the visiter; not particularly in consequence of its architectural qualities, but as being a place of worship, handed down to our times by a once famous body of men (above alluded to) the knights of Malta. It was here that these soldiers of the cross performed their sacred ceremonies; it was here that those military monks of old, swore fealty to Christianity; and it was from hence that they sent forth their enterprising crusaders, to join in the holy war in Palestine. The interior has a striking effect as the visiter stands at the entrance, and looks up the whole length of the church. The roof is painted and decorated, representing historical

subjects connected with the records of the New Testament. I really do not remember what the subjects were, and I I regret much not having made any notes on the occasion of my visit. I recommend the cathedral to the notice of every one visiting Malta, and principally this roof-painting, which is a peculiar production of art. There are several chapels, each named after some saint, and these are full of monuments; and we saw in them some excellent specimens of sculpture. The flooring showed the graves of the knights of Malta and others, and the niches, those of bishops and monks.

There were also some very elaborate pieces of workmanship in carved work; and the massive silver candlesticks, and the famous altar screen are of themselves rich and rare. There is a story on record

relative to the latter, showing, in glaring colours, the propensity to plunder, which existed in the ranks of the French army in the days of Napoleon. It is related, that when the French fleet was off Malta, the bishop and monks of this cathedral, knowing what they came for, instantly procured black paint, and daubed the whole of the altar screen (all silver) and candlesticks, &c., with it, leaving a few inferior ones of the latter as they were; these, of course, the French, when they took the place, and sacked the cathedral, secured; but, seeing the screen, &c. painted black, and taking them for *iron*, they left them untouched. Thus did the worthy monks steal a march upon the French; and the story is related by the people attached to the cathedral, with much satisfaction—an excellent *ruse de guerre*,

which the French, I suppose, had no idea would have been played upon them. This screen, directly the French evacuated Malta, was restored to its former beauty, the paint was rubbed off, and now remains as a valuable relic of antiquity, deserving the care and veneration of the present generation. It certainly is a beautiful thing. Had the French taken it, what a valuable booty it would have proved to them!

We saw some excellent paintings in St. John's—historical representations and portraits of various individuals connected with the cathedral; some of them are very old, and appeared to be by good masters. We did not stay long enough to ascertain by whom they were executed or the ages of the paintings. The guide, who seemed to be a well-informed man,

and acquainted with everything connected with the cathedral, next conducted us into the vaults underneath, where we saw the "*sarcophagi,*" of the first knight of Malta; of the first bishop of Malta; of the founder of the cathedral; and of the first governor of the Island; also, graves of one or two other noted personages. The vault is a spacious apartment, but dreadfully damp and close, so that we were glad to get out of it. We were exceedingly gratified with all we had seen. The exterior of the building is nothing very particular, and not at all in keeping with the grandeur and beauty of the interior—at least, so I thought; some there were in our party, who considered the former superior to the latter.

We wandered about the town for the whole day, and saw the barracks for the

troops, as also the fortifications. There are two regiments of the line here, as also a corps, called the "*Malta Fencibles.*" The barracks seemed to me to be spacious, airy, and in a very good situation. The officers have excellent quarters, and their mess-rooms are something above the common run of such as are generally met with in military stations, either at home or abroad. The men of the regiments appeared healthy and clean; and have little or no work to do. The three corps take the garrison duties by rotation. It was a lovely sight—the Highlanders—the gallant "*Black Watch*" under arms, with their bagpipes playing, marching through the town. They certainly are a fine corps, and so is the other—the 88th or "*Faughobolla boys*", as they are called. The *Fencibles* are armed and accoutred like

the line; indeed, I knew not who they were, until informed. They seemed a smart, well-dressed body of men; but nothing to be compared to our "*English tigers*' as the natives of India call our soldiery—an apt designation, for there is not a shadow of doubt as to the fact.

The Maltese are a very robust race apparently—great, stout, muscular fellows, with a dark, Italian physiognomy; black hair, and handsome countenances generally; some of them, however, appeared very poor, and so evidently from want of employment. The men are dressed as other Europeans, but the attire of the women resembles more that of the Portuguese nuns at Goa, in India. They are generally in black, with a queer sort of mantle thrown over the head, instead of a bonnet. I suppose they think that it

sets off their beauty. I saw many pretty faces under these coverings, shewing black, mischievous eyes, which must play the deuce with all the men of the place. I think black eyes do more harm, and have more wickedness lurking in them, than any other; what says the reader?

## CHAPTER VIII.

Disappointment and the Consequences—French and Neapolitan Steamers—Passports and their Disagrèmens—Embarkation—The Steamer "Mongebello"—Strange Conduct—Departure from Malta—A Night Scene.

We had been residing on shore at our own expense for about four days, when the steamer "Oriental" from England, with passengers for India, arrived in the harbour; and we were informed that no vessel could be sent out to take us home. The company were

prepared to refund a portion of our passage-money, viz., that from Malta to Southampton, £34 each; and we could then proceed as we liked. We chose the route, *via* Sicily and France, and consequently had nothing to trouble us. I drew out the money we were entitled to, and set to work about securing our berths on board the Neapolitan steamer then in the harbour, and advertised to sail in a couple of days.

I must here mention, that the agent very civilly took charge of all my heavy baggage, which he said would be carried to Southampton, free of every expense; and we could, when we arrived in England, have it forwarded to us, or clear it ourselves. Now, this was what we considered very handsome, and amply compensated for all that had occurred before. Re-fund-

ing a portion of our passage-money, keeping us free of expense during quarantine, and sending our baggage without charging freightage to England, was indeed most satisfactory; and we were, of course, in duty, bound to acknowledge the liberality of their behaviour.

There are French and Neapolitan steamers (some government and others belonging to companies) at all times at Malta, fitted up elegantly for passengers, and very good boats, most of them. The agents of each have offices in the town; their charges are moderate, their vessels commanded by experienced naval officers, and offer excellent opportunities for travellers proceeding either direct to Marseilles in the French steamers, or *via* the two Sicilies and the coast up to that port. The latter we thought most de-

sirable, as being the route by which we should be enabled to see somewhat of a country we should, in all probability, never have a chance of seeing again—a country famous in ancient as well as modern history, and by which we should not lose any more time than if we went direct; indeed we considered that we should be amply rewarded, and that it would be time saved instead of time lost, as it proved in the sequel. I was induced to take this route more on account of a wish on my part to show my wife that famous city, Naples. We therefore thought the present too good an opportunity to be lost, and consequently resolved upon taking advantage of it.

As soon as I could, I boarded the Neapolitan steamer, and looked at her accommodations, returned on shore highly

satisfied with everything, and went to the office, where I engaged two berths, one in the ladies' cabin for my wife, and one in the gentlemen's cabin for myself. For these berths I paid, I think £22, all the way to Marseilles, including board at the saloon table, and I considered it moderate.

The next thing to be done was the procuring of our passports, which is a most disagreeable process. I say so, because of the annoyance the traveller is put to at the various *foreign* offices he has to attend at, for the purpose of having the said paper properly endorsed by the consuls, for which, by the way, you have to fee the said consuls, who, though great men in their way, make no demur at pocketing the dollars or five-shilling pieces, of their unfortunate victims; a sort of tax which they levy for the benefit of

their own *revenues*. Thus with me, I had first to go to our own government passport office, where I received my paper without any trouble at all; very proper; nothing said, but—"I wish you a pleasant passage, Sir; you must take this to the Neapolitan consul's office, to have it *vise'd* by him; after which, you will have to go to the French consul's to undergo a similar process; good morning, Sir;" and that was all. I went as directed, and there matters were conducted very differently, and, I may say ditto to the French-man's office. I was delayed beyond my patience, and told to come again, and had to pay a fee to each man (or rather into the hands of his secretary on his account, which is one and the same thing,) and that merely for countersigning a piece of paper. However, that business over—

deuced slow business it was, too, I went to the money changer's, where I turned all my dollars (£68 worth) into Neapolitan French and English coins; this, of course, could not have been effected without a loss, as the man made his deductions to his advantage, as may be imagined: it was not, however, anything of consequence, I think sixpence in the pound. I called at the steam-boat office—paid my money there, received my tickets, and returned home, packed up my heavy traps, put my address upon them, "*to be kept till called for*;" and sent them off to the Peninsular and Oriental Company's Office, to be forwarded to Southampton, as agreed upon; paid my bill at that detestable hotel, and we all walked down to the stairs, where we took boat, and went on board the steamer, which was to sail that evening.

Several of our old fellow passengers also embarked in her, while others went straight to England; and again, others to Marseilles in the French vessels direct.

Those who went straight to England, had a dreadful passage of it; indeed, I was informed, that they expected at one time to have gone to the bottom—so much for them; those in the French vessel were also in sad plight, for she leaked, and her machinery got wrong every day; so that we were fortunate, for more reasons than one, in having selected the Neapolitan steamer as our mode of conveyance.

A beautiful craft she is, too; entirely English built, with an English engineer on board. They called her the *Mongebello,* an odd name for a steamer. I thought, however, that signified nought, so long as she was good; her accommoda-

tions are excellent. The sternmost cabin is one large *nest* of berths, or sleeping places, very comfortably arranged in double tiers, fore and aft, and a midships; nice clean linen, and good attendance. Then the cabin for the ladies came next, and of these there are two, one on either side, with sleeping places, &c., very well arranged, round work-tables in the centre, lights in elegant lamps, burning all night, and large skylights above head. Forward, there are similar accommodations for second class passengers;. and on the paddle-boxes, very snug little places for the captain, and officers, and two cabins for passengers,—rather objectionable quarters I should say, particularly with such restless, noisy neighbours, as the paddles must be; besides being very cold, and uncomfortable in rough rainy weather.

On deck there is a poop, which contains the saloon—a very pretty spacious apartment, nicely furnished with mahagony tables, &c., and velvet cushion seats, fore and aft. This was the *salle a manger*, *whenever* there was any eating, and that was seldom enough, for the people on board were careful to take us into port during the day, (when the rules obliged us to land, and feed ourselves at our own expense,) and only moving during night, when we were all in bed, and could not eat at all—a cunning arrangement I must, say; however, what meals they did give us were good; but tea and coffee, sugar and milk, and all liquors and spirits, we had to pay for, excepting by the way, two wines which were *called* claret and marsella, the former as sour as verjuice, and the latter barely tolerable. I think

we had two suppers and one dinner altogether; but there was a *dejeuner a la fourchette* every morning, which they conld not help giving, as we could not be got on shore earlier. I must here mention a very strange thing that used to occur on board this steamer, and if true, (which we had every reason to suspect was the the case,) a very dirty, shabby, mean, trick, such as we had no idea would be played upon travellers. We observed, that whenever we sat down to a meal, the ship used to roll and pitch most dreadfully, which motion caused a great *commotion* amongst us, and prevented our eating; in fact, it made us all sea-sick, and we were obliged to desist, and rush frantically on deck, or below. The consequence was, that little or none of the viands laid on the table were touched. I will now

explain the *cause* of this rolling and pitching: at that very particular time, directly the steward (a crafty, fat Italian) announced the dinner or breakfast, or supper, the man at the helm would begin yawing the ship about, bring her head against the sea, or doing something or other for the express purpose of causing the motion, which of course, made many of us sick, and prevented our demolishing the good things before us. The same joints appeared at every meal, untouched; I declare I saw a cold tongue (for I marked it with a *notch* myself) come on the table daily, for the whole voyage! Now, whether this is really true or not, I am afraid to say, but the question is, does it not seem an odd thing that there should be *more* motion during meat time, than at any other? and yet it was *always* so;

and how could it be, but by the vessel being made to do so? and this is not a matter of difficulty; the helmsman can invariably cause the motion whenever he likes. I was informed by one of the passengers on board, that the rascal steward had been heard to tell the man at the wheel what to do, and when. If this is not a glaring piece of rascality, I know not what is.

It was at night, about nine o'clock, when we quitted Valetta harbour: I mention the circumstance, as it reminds me of a scene I witnessed with pleasure. There was some Prince or other going as a passenger to Leghorn with us, (to be married I think it was) and we could not start until he came on board; he had been dining with the Admiral in the Queen, and joined us in one of her barges. The night was dark, and the wind blowing smartly; so

that there was a swell on. We saw the barge coming dashing along very rapidly, pulled by a crew of our British tars; the Prince and his suite in the stern sheets, a lieutenant steering the boat; the whole was a pretty sight, dark as it was; presently she came alongside and the words —*rowed of all,* (or something like that) were given; up went the oars together; they were stowed away like lightning; and some of the men held lanterns to light up the Prince. The lieutenant with his cocked hat on, a dashing-looking fellow, and the faces of the sailors shewn by the light; I thought it beautiful! then when the Prince was on board, and the *shove off* was given, and the boat left us as smartly as she had come; it was really something worth looking at. No wonder our navy is such a dashing service, when

things are done in such a way! After we were out of the harbour and every thing snug, we went down to our berths, for staying on deck was not very pleasant, as it was cold, and I felt deuced sick too, so I was glad to turn in. We had a rough passage of it during the night; our boat was jumping about famously, though her motions were easy, and she seemed to run along very rapidly. The next morning when I went on deck, we were just coming to anchor in the harbour at Syracuse, so that we must have made a quick run of it across.

## CHAPTER IX.

Syracuse—Jaunt into the Country—Ruins—Dionysius' Ear—Tomb of Archimedes—The Chapel of St. John—Catacombs attached thereto—Scenery —Departure.

We landed at about eight in the morning, and walked to the hotel, where we secured rooms for the day, and prepared for an excursion into the country; which offered us many various and interesting objects we were most anxious to visit. Syracuse is a dirty town; I think, very dirty: and the houses are a strange medley of old and new, large and small, ruins

and heaps of rubbish, resembling Rome or Athens, by the intermixture of modern buildings, with the mouldering remains of antiquity. It is a very old town indeed, having had its origin so far back as seven hundred years before the Christian Era. It is famous in ancient story, and reputed as having been the largest and most wealthy city in Sicily; possessing, according to an ancient writer, 300,000 inhabitants; which is a larger number than that contained by Athens, or any other Grecian city. It was, at one time, governed as a republic, and at others, by various personages; amongst whom was the famous Dionysius; and, subsequently, about 215 B. C. the Romans had possession of it: they held it until the downfall of their own empire; when the Goths and Vandals, and after them

the Saracens had it: and, at last, it became a portion of one of our European States. The ancient city was of a triangular form, and was divided into four portions, surrounded each by distinct walls. Each portion had its peculiar designation, viz. "*Ortygia*," between the two harbours; "*Acradina*," extending along the sea-side; "*Tyche*," an inland division; and "*Neapolis*," forming the western part. All these parts now present ruins, replete with associations for the classical student. The modern city verges towards the sea-side; but, as I before remarked, the old and modern buildings are so mingled together, that there are scarcely any means to enable the visiter to distinguish, which it really is. The only part, however, at present inhabited, is the south-east corner of

the old town, comprising that quarter, termed, "*Ortygia,*" and part of that of "*Acradina.*" It is insulated, walled, and entered by draw-bridges; there are several churches and convents, and a hospital. Although, in former years, Syracuse contained so many as 300,000 souls, there are not now, more than 20,000. The Italians and Sicilians call it "*Siragosa.*"

After everything had been arranged, we mounted in carriages, drawn by three horses abreast; such rattle-trap things, that I declare I was in constant fear we should break down. The horses were as poor as the carriages they drew, and the harness worse. They were covered with bells, which made a discordant noise, sufficient to give one the head-ache. We took with us a

guide, (a garrulous old Syracusan, wearing a white night cap,) and started. The day was beautifully fine, the air cold and bracing, and we felt quite refreshed after the knocking about the night before. I think we drove for about four miles into the country, when we came to the remains of a theatre, said to have been one for bull-fights—an extensive place, in tolerable preservation; the passages cut into the solid rock; the seats and the stalls where bulls were kept, are very curious places of themselves. Here we got out and walked about; the old man who acted as *cicerone,* talking away a jargon of his own, mixed up with English and Latin words, which rendered his discourse most difficult of comprehension. During our peregrinations, I happened

to be poking about with my stick, when I was fortunate enough to pick up a curious little head of *terra cotta,* or red brick, as hard as stone; the nose was slightly injured, otherwise it was perfect. The old man told me that I was the first person who had picked up anything for a series of years; he had been guide, and shown travellers all over the country for upwards of thirty years, and had never seen anything of the sort found before; I considered myself, therefore, well rewarded for indulging in (what my companions termed it) my *digging propensities.* I brought away also a piece of marble, broken off from the corner of one of the seats. I have no doubt, that were people to search well, the whole place is teeming with curiosities,

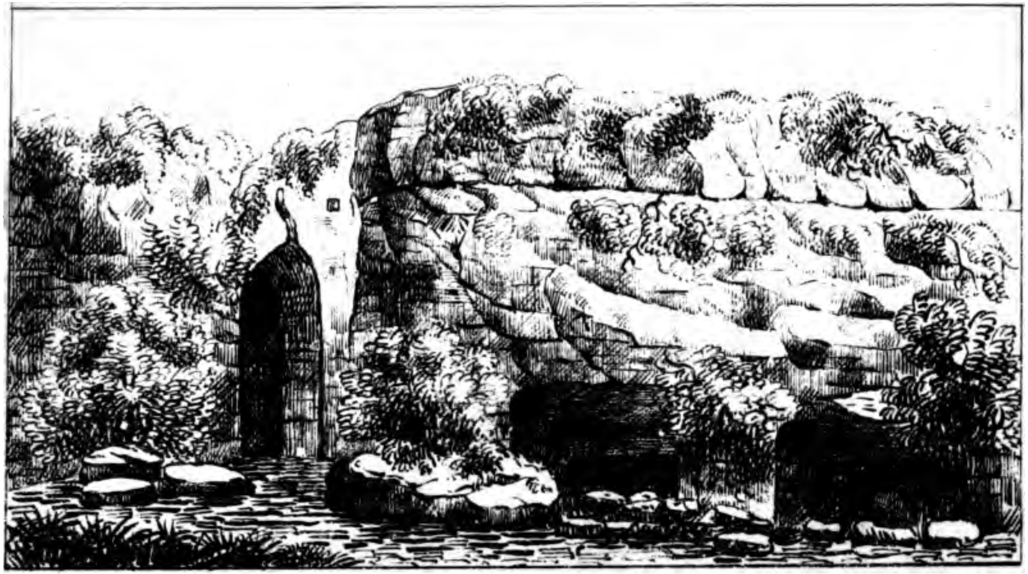
and they would be amply compensated for the trouble.

We next drove in the direction of *Neapolis*, where we saw the remains of an immense amphitheatre. I should say, from a rough guess, it must be upwards of 350 feet in length, and 200 in breadth. The scenery here is beautifully picturesque; as a greater part of this place of entertainment was hewn out of solid rock; the seats, &c., remain almost perfect to this day, time has had little or no effect upon it; but all that was built *upon* the foundation, has disappeared; that is to say, all the upper work. What remains, forms a most romantic scene; for the white steps are hid with bushes and underwood of various kinds, here and there; and some tall poplars wave their heads over the ruins; while pretty

little cascades, fall from rock to rock, murmuring, as they pursue their course in streamlets, and adding to the beauty of the picture. When the amphitheatre was in its perfect state, the approach to the upper seats was upon a level with *Tyche*. *Acradina* lay even with the middle part; and the people from *Ortygia* and *Neapolis*, ascended to it. Two broad roads carried deep through the rocks, in a semicircular form, meeting at the theatre, opened easy communication between the high and the low town. Over these two roads we walked, marking the ruts of carts in the stone of the pavement, (which was perfect) and picturing to ourselves their crowded state, in days of yore, on the occasion of an exhibition at the place; and now, all was as silent as death; nothing heard save the gurgling of the little streams, and our

own voices as we made our remarks, or asked questions. That loquacious old guide never ceased to talk from the moment we started, until we returned home; and, notwithstanding his odd language, we contrived to glean a good stock of interesting information from him. On each side of these roads, sepulchral caves are hollowed out, and some still retain the mouldering ashes of bodies deposited within them.

In the neighhourhood of this amphitheatre is a spring of water, which was pointed out to us as being what *once* was the *fountain of Arethusa.* Some say, that this is not the identical spot; however, what we visited is worthy of remark, the water almost bubbling out of the rock, and running across the road, down amongst the seats and steps of the amphi-



DIONYSIUS'S EAR.

theatre. Here a busy scene presented itself as we approached: a large *herd* of females, fine, healthy, rosy-cheeked, buxom wenches, with arms bare and clothes tucked up, standing ankle deep in water, were busily occupied in washing clothes; talking long and loud, and making the very rocks ring with their mirthful laughter. What would Arethusa herself have said, had her ghost risen up, and beheld her favorite resort converted into a place for washing dirty clothes ?

After this we descended, and came to the far-famed *Ear of Dionysius*—an extraordinary excavation, and well worth looking at. Round a spacious area, runs a very high wall of rock (soft stone easily shaped when moist, and of which most of the houses at Syracuse are built,) so artfully cut, that the upper part projects very

visibly out of the perpendicular line, and thereby prevents any one from climbing up; near the top of the rock is a channel, which conveys a part of the waters of an aqueduct to the city; remains of which are still visible, and can with ease at any time be stopped and turned into the area, or open court below. In the centre of the court, is a large insulated stone, and upon it are the ruins of a guard-house, vast caverns penetrate into the heart of the rock, and serve, now-a-days, for salt-petre works and rope walks; here we were met by some country children, bringing ancient coins and other relics for sale; which, of course, we purchased with great delight, giving the urchins little or nothing for them. The most noted, however, of these excavations is the *Ear*. The entrance is about twenty feet wide,

and the height upwards of fifty; and runs into the heart of the hill, in a tortuous form, more resembling the letter S. The sides of this extraordinary cavern are chiselled smooth, and the roof gradually narrowing almost to as sharp a point as a Gothic arch; along this point runs a channel, which served, as is supposed, to collect the sounds that arose from the speakers below, and convey them to a pipe in a small double cell above, where they were heard with the greatest distinctness; but this hearing-place having been too much opened, and altered, has lost its virtue; as those who have been let down from the top, by a rope, have found. There is a recess like a chamber above the middle of the cave, and the bottom of the grotto is rounded off. Some doubts are enter

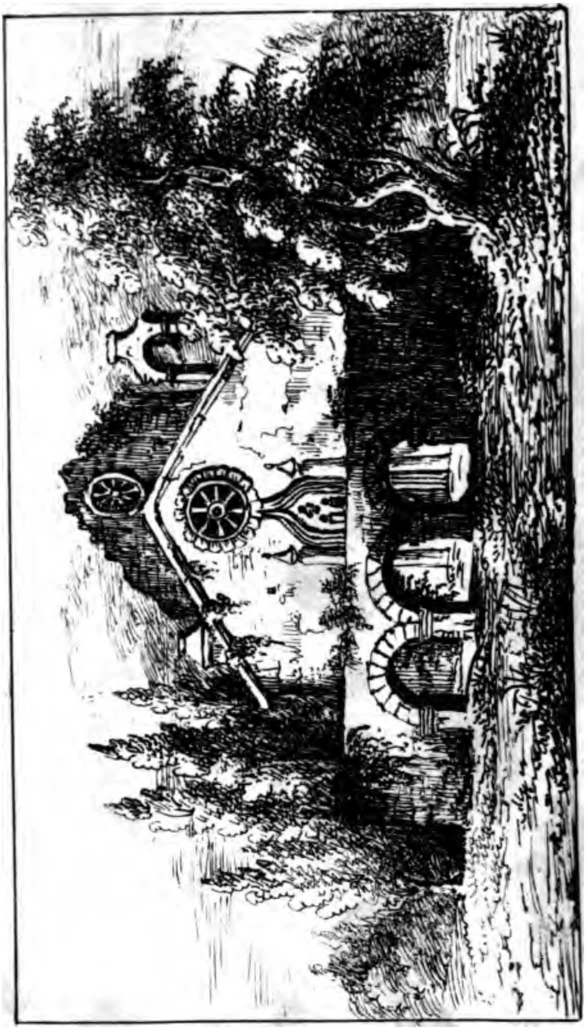
tained, as to the hearing properties of this *Ear*, while others think it impossible, after attentive survey, to doubt of its having been constructed intentionally for a prison and a listening-place.

The reason why the Ear was given to Dionysius, appears from the following, which is extant throughout the country, and was told us by the old guide, and afterwards by the landlord of the hotel where we put up: Dionysius used (whilst the gangs of prisoners, amongst whom were some persons of consequence were employed cutting stone below,) he used to sit himeelf down in the chamber above, and listen to all that was said. If he heard any of the prisoners say aught against him, or his government, or murmur at all, such unfortunates had extra, and more severe punishments

awarded them, and ofttimes they were more severely dealt with, by decapitation. Rings are cut out of the angles of the walls, where, no doubt, the more troublesome and obnoxious criminals were fastened. The echo at the mouth of this cave is very loud; a gun yields a report resembling thunder, which continues to reverberate for several seconds. When we went in, we were met by a man with a violin, who forthwith commenced scraping away, and the echo seemed as if half a dozen men were performing; the music, however, sounded loud and harsh. We were much pleased with this sight, as indeed, we had every reason to be. The marks on the sides, and supports of the other caverns, convinced us that the excavations were caused by stones having been cut out of them: in fact, that the

place had been once a stone quarry; the marks are regular and even, so that we could tell the size even of the stones so cut. The imperfect sketch herewith presented to the reader, may give some idea of the place as it was on the occasion of my visit. The two dark entrances to the right being the quarries, and the one to the left, the *Ear* alluded to.

Wandering over extensive ruins, which lay about in all directions, without, however, our being able to trace any particular buildings, we came to where stands the supposed tomb of the famous Archimedes, the great geometrician; who, it is said, when Syracuse was invested by the Romans, defended the place for a space of three years, by his genius and enterprise. The tomb has nothing particular to strike the eye *as a tomb;* there is a sort of door-



way entrance, having a post or pillar on either side, with a triangular capital (if I may so call it,) over head. The traveller sees nothing inside but loose stones and rubbish; no inscription is visible, though I doubt not, but that some existed, which time has entirely effaced. This is all that is seen of Archimedes, though his name and memory are perpetuated, by far better, and more valuable remains of himself—his wisdom, and learning; more lasting than sculptured memento, either of bronze or marble.

Leaving these sad and silent ruins, we again mounted our voiture, and drove to St. John's Chapel, a famous old building, which our guide informed us, was one of the most ancient Christian Churches in Sicily. This chapel is situated in the quarter of *Acradina*, and is celebrated for

being built over those catacombs, so well known to all travellers who have visited the island. We were much struck with the picturesque, yet simple beauty of this venerable structure, now fast crumbling to ruins. It is built in the old Gothic style, and has very heavy massive pillars, which seem to defy even the ravages of time. We were accosted by a burly looking friar, in his hood and gown; counting his beads as he addressed us, pretending to be very devout, I dare say, but at the same time on the *qui vive* for, and keenly sensible of, the advantages of our *carlinies.* Upon being told that we had come to look over his chapel and the catacombs; he gave us a silent assent, as much as to say, "Come along and welcome; but I hope you will pay me" poor man! I suppose he earned his liveli-

hood by means of small donations thankfully received; though, I dare say, the country people round about, feed him well, for he appeared to be in tolerable condition, notwithstanding his vocations of *fast* and *penance!* I could not help thinking of *Friar Tuck,* and asked him, if he ate dried peas and beans, and drank of the pure and limpid stream? To my astonishment, he opened a small cupboard in the wall, and showed me a plate full of the former, and then pointed to a sort of a well, where there was an abundant supply of the latter. I doubt not we might have enacted the whole scene in Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," and made the worthy Friar produce more substantial food than the meagre supply he displayed before us.

The interior of the chapel is in keeping

with the exterior, all as aged as age could render it; the very wood work was fast turning to dust, and gave way to the touch; there was nothing particularly fine, but still interesting from the circumstance of its age. But we came to see the catacombs; and after procuring a flambeau, (for which we had to pay, of course,) we followed the Friar, who led the way, into the darksome abodes of death. The whole of these catacombs resemble more a series of streets than anything else, branching off at right angles from the main avenue, which is very broad, as wide as a street in any town. There are several more streets, running parallel to the main, and all are joined by the ones intersecting; and again there are other streets, which take a circuitous course, and lead to spacious

squares and corridores. As we advanced, we observed deep recesses on each side, contiguous to one another; these are cut in the solid rock, and contain each of them so many more smaller recesses, according to the number in each family; some of these had been private property, from the vestiges of gates and locks by which they were secured; some still visible. The walls of them are covered with stucco on vermilion grounds, with colours and devices of various descriptions, such as trees, birds, fishes, &c., and other funereal emblems; these are, however, much defaced by time, and the smoke of the torches, the intense darkness rendering it necessary to place the latter close to the walls, to enable one to see anything. These extensive and very curious vaults are ventilated by air, admitted through

apertures from above. We wandered over them for a long while, threading the mazes of this labyrinth, guided by the lurid glare of our torches, and stopping every now and then to hear the explanations of particular spots, pointed out by the Friar and our indefatigable "*cicerone.*" It is said, that the origin of these subterranean passages was by quarrying; and that the hollows, thus excavated, were used as places of concealment, in which the primitive faithful assembled secretly, in times of persecution, to perform their devotions; and that they were subsequently employed as places of sepulture.

On a hill near this chapel is a convent of Capuchin Friars, but we did not visit it, in consequence of the day being already far spent, and it was time for us to return to the hotel; so we gave the worthy Friar

his donation, and bade farewell to the rare remains of antiquity, upon the beauties of which we had been feasting; highly pleased with our day's jaunt, and in excellent spirits, from the effects of the drive and pure country air we had been breathing.

The landscape of Syracuse is very beautiful. In the back ground, we beheld the majestic and terrible mount Etna. Wherever we went, strong and evident symptoms of earthquakes presented themselves to the view. It is said, that Syracuse has been frequently visited by fearful convulsions of nature. A very destructive shock was experienced in the sixteenth century, when one fourth of the inhabitants of the city perished under the ruins of their houses; being therefore, as it is, subject to such visitations, can it be

wondered at, that the place is so scantily inhabited?

We visited the museum on our way back, and there saw a few trumpery things not worth mentioning. I contrived to secure a piece of a petrified elephant's tusk, which I found at the door-way; no one was a bit the wiser, and I dare say it was not missed. In one part of the town, stands the pillars of the temple of Minerva; these have been built upon, and the roof restored, and it is now a very extensive church; we did not stop to see it, though I had a good look, as we drove past it. The pillars are very large and massive, and of the Corinthian order.

Arrived at the hotel, we found our dinner ready—a paltry meal, very dirtily dressed, meat as tough as shoe-leather,

vegetables half-cooked, wines execrable! There was an abundant supply of *vermecelli* and *macaroni*; the former in the soup, and the latter floating in oil, as rancid as *Ostend butter*. It was evident that our landlord and his household were not particularly *au fait* at, or accustomed to, receiving and entertaining guests, whose visits to this establishment, must be like those of angels, few and far between. Our dinner dispatched, and bills paid, (and they amounted to little or nothing,) we bid farewell to old *Antonio,* our white night-capped güide, paid him a handsome handful of money for his valuable services and his agreeable conversation, and proceeded on board; and, in a short while, we were steaming along most joyously, under the influence of a bright moonlight evening, the coast presenting a lovely

picture of light and shadow, as the clouds drove rapidly over the shining luminary above us.

## CHAPTER X.

Straits of Messina—Scylla and Charybdis—Messina—Gens d'Armerie—Custom-house Abuses—Visit to a Convent—The Vaults—The Church ot St. Gregory.

We had a delightful passage during the night, but it became very stormy towards the morning, as we entered the straits of Messina; the consequence may be imagined, and some of us longed for the ship to come to an anchor. The straits have a beautiful approach, giving ample food for

the pencil, and study for the mind. The coast of Calabria, on the right hand side, showing its bold and rugged soil, torn, as as it were, by successive and terrible convulsions of nature, to which it has ever been subject; immense fissures in the earth, carrying with them the appearance of their being on the point of swallowing up the sea, and all that is in it; gaping in tremendous grandeur, and giving evidence of the horrible effects of that more than dreadful calamity to which the whole coast is exposed—the earthquake. What awful havoc does such a visitation commit! It spares nothing; but swallows up, in one mouthful, as it were, whole towns and villages; how fortunate are we at home, not to have a frequency of such things! Well may it be said, that England is a land blessed of all others.

Scylla and Charybdis, localities teeming with frightful accompaniments of death, and destruction, and well known in classical lore, as held in great dread and veneration, by the ancients; these two presented themselves as we passed through the straits, though, I must confess, that I saw nothing so fearful as I had been led (from boyish recollections, of what I had read in my school books of them) to suppose. When going over these famous spots, the water was certainly very rough, and we rolled and pitched most violently but we saw no whirlpool nor did we behold those dreaded rocks, both so much feared by the ancients. The roughness at that particular place, is owing to the narrowness of the straits, and the consequent rush of water at the tides; for there is a most violent tideway, and the

navigators of old, (from their ignorance as to how to steer their mis-shapen vessels through such waters,) must have brought themselves into such positions, that in all probability, their ships must either have been upset by the rolling, or been swamped by the swell. From representations which we see of ancient craft, they must have been dreadfully *crank;* and it is, I believe, a well known fact, that such vessels cannot stand a heavy sea; they either turn keel uppermost, or roll so deep that the water gets into them, and down they go; in addition to this, our navigators of former times knew just as much about sailoring as the natives of the coast of India do generally now a-days. Their fearing the straits of Messina, therefore as we read they did, is not a matter of surprise; as for the rock of Scylla, there were

abundance of them, frowning at us on the shore, and if they were fools enough (by trying to steer clear of the swell of Charybdis) to run upon them, it must be attributed to their own faults.

We reached Messina at about eight o'clock in the morning, and ran into the harbour, amid innumerable shipping, moored all round. It is a pretty place, and the view of the country from the sea is very fine. The town itself is prettily situated, and there is a goodly show of battlements, towers, domes and spires, with other extensive buildings; high and lofty mountains, and hills in the back ground, covered with cultivation to the very summits. On coming to an anchor, we were boarded by the police authorities, and a fierce-looking fellow, with a huge broad sabre, (for all the world like one of

our drummers' dirks, on an extensive scale) dangling at his side, and a pair of red epaulettes, large enough to make respectable mops with, on his shoulders: in addition to this, a thing on his head, resembling an inverted pine-bucket, with a piece of leather for a peak standing out at right angles with his forehead, completed the ornaments of this man-of-war, this searcher of trunks and carpet bags, this expert detector of smuggled goods; he was very fierce and determined, stood at the gangway, evidently with an intention of performing his duty *this* time, if he never did so before. His coming on board was apparent; so, as we went to the side with our carpet bags, &c., he topped us, with a "*Pardon, Monsieur, qu' avez vous la?*" I suppose this was the only French the poor man was possessed of;

however, a couple of carlinies, with "*l'argent pour vous,*" as I placed his answer into his hands, passed us free; not that there was anything objectionable in our bundles, but it was given to avoid the trouble of opening at the gangway; we had little time to spare, and were anxious to be on shore early. I presume the man's conscience cleared him of any dereliction of duty he may have committed; he laid the flattering unction to his own soul, that his stopping us was quite sufficient; as for the taking of money, he considered that to be all in the way of business: "no doubt," thought he, "my good father confessor will absolve me from any colouring of offence with which the circumstance may be tainted!" and so he took our money very quietly, and let us pass on; if he got a donation from

all the passengers, he must have made a pretty penny of it, and I dare say, the same fellow rejoices on each arrival of steamers full of English passengers; for it is only from them that he has a chance of getting any thing; he cannot ever expect much from any other, as poor beggars, nine out of ten, have nothing to give. On landing, we were again confronted by Custom house people wanting to look at our bags, which, of course, we were forced to comply with; we were not detained long, though I was determined not to give these rascals anything. I never met with such bare-faced rascality in all my life.—We arrived at the hotel, a very comfortable quiet place, where we ordered dinner, and secured rooms, as we were to sleep on shore that night. And here I beg permission to remark, in regard

to these Custom house authorities, which, with the passports, are pests, in every sense of the word, to the traveller; that as it is really necessary, in conformity with their regulations, to undergo the unpleasant ordeal of having his baggage, however small the quantity, opened and pulled about, it is always most advisable to observe two things: first, to say nothing during the process of examination; and if questioned, to give as short answers as possible; and secondly, to be as civil and as polite as his patience will permit him to be, towards those who are conducting operations; as, however free his boxes, &c. may be of objectionable articles, the search will be carried though, and there is no avoiding it; the more talk, the stricter is their scrutiny; somewhat slipt into the hand of the man who

searches, is an excellent arrangement; and clears his baggage in two minutes; and if it should so happen, that there are a few cigars in one of the trunks, offering one or two each to those around, is an act of politeness which raises him in their estimation most wonderfully; the foreigners are dreadfully fond of smoking, and cannot, poor fellows! afford to indulge in it; so a present of the sort acts upon their feelings, and if there *should* be any other things, they are passed unnoticed. Now these irregularities, certainly, and such as should be checked by those whose business it is to do so; still, I cannot help saying, that I think the existence of such is a great comfort to travellers; and without it, the pleasures which we enjoy in travelling, are sadly impeded by the pestering rules and regulations of those *imbecille*

governments through which we have to pass; it is only in countries where such governments exist, that these are enforced; and it is the very existence of such rules, that give birth to all the roguery and rascality, on the parts of those, who have the enforcing of them; travellers are obliged, in self-defence, to adopt such means as lay in their power, to avoid annoyance and interruption; and if that all-conquering, all-powerful talisman, has not the desired effect, I do not know what will.

After having had our breakfast and dressed, we ordered a carriage, and with a "*valet de place*" for our guide, proceeded for a drive over the town, and into the country. This was a most pleasant way of passing the day. We generally took something to eat with us

in the carriage, so that we were able to stay out all the time, and return to a late dinner. The town of Messina is a far more respectable one than Syracuse; more modern and more regular. The streets are clean, and the buildings neat; and all has the appearance of comfort and health. The fortifications are good and strong; the inhabitants are respectable in their appearance, and there seemed to be something of business going on at the quay: vessels loading and discharging their cargoes; men at work, and carts and waggons moving about. The soldiery are, however, very inferior; at least, so I thought, from the specimens I saw on duty at the gates and elsewhere. The drive we took was a very pleasant one, out of the town. We were obliged to get out of the carriage to ascend a hill;

this we did by a narrow road which was at the time undergoing repair; the road (or I should call it from its narrowness, a path) brought us to the top, where stands an ancient Convent of Capuchin Friars, which we were informed, was worth going to see. I do not exactly know the history of this sacred edifice; suffice to say, it is very old, and contains some relics of very ancient date. We were admitted by a venerable Friar, who gave us his blessing, (for which we were much obliged,) and we entered a small chapel on the right hand side. By the way, I forgot to mention, that the first thing which attracted our attention, was a *daub* of a painting, doing duty as a screen, in front of the entrance door-way, representing St. Peter sending souls to purgatory: the poor souls looked very miserable, and the

apostle himself, a burly fellow, the very type of a jolly farmer in his smock frock; those who were already thrown into the abyss of temporary punishment, looked wretched enough; and those who were tumbling in, looked as if they could not help it. The guide crossed himself, as his imagination pictured to his own mind himself similarly situated. On entering the little chapel on the right hand side, I observed the Friar take something off the altar table, and throw it on the ground; it fell heavily, and as the room was dark, I could not then distinguish what it was; but as I became accustomed to the light, I saw, to my great horror, a dead child! A lady who was with me almost fainted at the sight; the dead infant's mother was standing outside looking at the corpse with perfect coolness and

nonchalance. I asked the guide what was going to be done with the body? He informed me, that it would be kept there for a day or two, whilst the priests offered up prayers in its behalf; and then it would be thrown into a grave or pit, where other dead bodies are cast. I believe they have a curious mode of sepulture here, for the poorer classes of inhabitants; all dead bodies which cannot be interred in coffins, are cast promiscuously into the same pit, devoid even of clothes or covering of any sort—a most disgusting and unchristian-like practice, which savages even are not guilty of. The old Friar led us down a flight of worn-out stone steps, into the vaults; and here a most revolting sight met our view; worse ten thousand times than the corpse of the poor little child;

The vault is an apartment built in a circular form with niches or recesses, all round. In these recesses are placed the shrivelled remains of what once were human beings—the defunct Friars of the convent; horrible objects, sufficient to make one's blood run cold. These objects are placed in an erect posture, supported by ropes round the waist of each, clad in their grave clothes, with their hoods over their heads, and keeping their silent watch in ghastly array. There they stood; some of them had been dead and buried, and taken out of their quiet graves, and placed there for upwards of fifty years. One was pointed out as having been one hundred and ten years of age when he died. The Friar told us, that he had known all these personally during their life-time; they had all been

in the same convent, and his intimate friends and comrades; that the oldest one had died just as he came; that they were all now in the regions of bliss—peace be to their souls! One niche was vacant, which the Friar said he would occupy; so, added he, "if any of you should visit this vault hereafter, and see that niche occupied, you will observe in the loathsome shrivelled skeleton, the poor old man who is now talking to you. I doubt whether you will be able to recognise the features; death changes the state of the body, but cannot touch the soul!" These dead bodies are dried up in a most extraordinary way;—the flesh and skin adhere to the bones, and present a most revolting spectacle to the living. The bodies, after burial, are allowed to remain in their graves for two years; after

which, they are taken up, and placed as above described. I have heard that the soil in which they are interred, has some peculiar property in drying up dead bodies, without putrefaction; so that, although life is extinct, the features are preserved for some time; those I saw, were, however, fast crumbling into dust; for who can avert the immutable decree of Him who made and fashioned us into what we are? "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."

Quitting the convent, we walked onward in front of it, to a spot from whence we had a splendid view of the surrounding scenery. We went down the hill to where our carriage was waiting for us, and drove through another part of the town to the Church of St. Gregory, a sacred building mentioned to us as

worth going to see. It put me much in mind of St. John's Cathedral at Malta, though perhaps, in point of size, it was larger. The interior is decorated with paintings, some good, but others again wretched daubs. The walls were in some parts beautifully inlaid with mosaic, representing various religious subjects, and upon which the people of that church place great importance. The Mosaic work is certainly to be admired as being something remarkably unique of itself. The rest of the church was nothing above the common. The building is a fine one, and that is all that can be said in its favour.

We returned home late in the evening, and sat down to a very good dinner. The charges at this hotel are moderate, and every thing supplied was good. I

recommend travellers going to it; indeed, I believe it is the one generally frequented by respectable people. We had a comfortable night's rest in clean beds, and the next morning, immediately after breakfast, joined the steamer; she was got underweigh, and we were off before ten o'clock.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Coast—Caprea—Approach to Naples—Bay of Naples—Landing—Custom House again—Hotel de Crocelle—Treatment at the Hotel—Remarks

Steaming close along the coast, we stopped at two small seaports to take in and land passengers and goods. We witnessed several amusing sights which we had never before seen; for instance, the meetings and partings of the different

people coming on board or going on shore; great, big be-wiskered men, kissing and hugging one another in the most ludicrous manner. There was one shrivelled up old lady whom we took up at Tropea; she was followed on board by a suite of about ten or twelve men, all apparently respectable people, and her connexions; poor body! she was as sick as she could possibly be when she joined us, and became worse in the saloon. When the men were about to quit, they each came and kissed the old lady; during which operation, they hugged and kissed each other. I can only say, that it made me sick to look at them. Then again, on deck a similar farce was enacted; we beheld a great fellow, come up and throw his arms in a theatrical manner, round the captain, and give him a kiss, which

sounded like the drawing of a cork. And again forward, on the forecastle, we saw boatmen in wet frocks, embracing the sailors, and kissing away till all was blue. I wonder how our *jacks* would like such marks of affection from any of the Deal boatmen! I should say, they would prefer them from their *Molls* and *Polls* of Wapping.

The scenery on the coast is very picturesque. The shore cold and rocky, holding out a dreadful reception in case of ship wreck. The land appeared to be uncultivated in most parts, and presents features ragged and torn, similar to what we had seen on the other side of the Straits of Messina; however, as we neared the neighbourhood of Naples, the general aspect of the country improved; small towns and villages and shattered houses

appeared here and there. The rocky island of Caprea, famous as having been the summer residence of the tyrant Tiberius, lay on our left, and we passed so close to it, that we could see the ruins (or rather a portion) of the baths, and other buildings, which present to the eye of the traveller sad remains of former grandeur, and wrecks of the devastating hand of Time; some of us wished to land, but could not do so, even for a couple of hours. These people are very unaccommodating. I think they ought to make the island, on purpose to enable travellers to see it, as being connected with ancient history. Had there been a boat, I most certainly would have gone and visited the spot; and I could have got back to Naples the next day: but as no boat was visible, I was obliged to

content myself with a peep through my glass.

About dawn the next morning, we were nearing Naples; the water beautifully smooth and clear; so deep, that we were within a step almost from the rocks, which hung over us in grand and silent dignity; there was not even a ripple beating against them.

The approach to Naples is magnificent. Who has not read, or seen, or heard mention made of the beautiful bay? or of the surrounding scenery? The tremendous and angry-looking Vesuvius, on the oneside, and the lovely sweep of the bay, with the city and lofty castles, on the other. *Magnificent* is not a term sufficiently applicable—*beautiful* is barely justifiable—*lovely* is nearer the mark; but I think, if I were to say *glorious*, all the

above will be included in that one word. The sight was indeed a glorious one! and never shall I forget the sensation I felt, as we entered this famous bay; and the whole scene burst at once upon upon us! When shall I see the like again? The fine day added colouring to the picture, which, even at that season of the year, was fraught with a richness I cannot venture to describe. Vessels of all sorts moving about, added life to the whole, and the hills in the background covered with cultivation, and thickly dotted with houses, completed it. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, when we came to anchor in the harbour, amongst steamers and other vessels. We were boarded by the police of the place; and the fellows strutted about the decks, looking as fierce and as impertinent as

they could. In due course of time we quitted the ship, and landed opposite the Custom House, where we went to pass our luggage, and to go through the usual ceremony of putting carlinies into the hands of those who were most concerned in receiving them; and who were nothing loth to accept such proofs of our affection for them, at so easy a rate, as that of opening our boxes and shutting them again. I must assure the reader, that it is quite the fashion here, as it was at other places, for the best dressed and most respectable amongst them, to receive even the smallest trifle most gratefully. I remember one person, whom I really took to be some rich gentleman; he was standing in the office, and I was admiring the neatness of his attire. I observed him looking

hard at me, as I entered, as indeed he did at the rest of our party; however, I caught his eye, and asked a man, (the servant of one of us, an Italian picked up at Malta,) who, and what the individual was? "He is one of the Custom House clerks, Sir," said he; "if you give him something, you will not be detained; just give him a couple of carlinies." I hesitated, and remarked upon the probabilities of hurting his feelings by offering so small a sum; the servant upon this, said, "try him, Sir, he is as poor as possible, notwithstanding his dress; he will take whatever you give him, and be content." I could not bring myself to do so; but to satisfy myself, gave the two carlinies into the servant's hands, to see how it would end; and desired him to present

the money; this the servant did, and the poor man bowed and scraped, and appeared as delighted as if he had received a cheque for a hundred pounds. I mention this as one instance, to show the reader to what these men will descend, if the silver (however small the quantity) is forthcoming. I could not have believed it possible, that the individual I allude to, could have been guilty of such a beggarly act, as to receive so small a sum; and that for doing the very thing which his situation placed him there to prevent. We see strange things in strange countries. The two carlinies cleared our baggage, and we hired a vehicle, and drove to the *hotel de Crocelle*, the most respectable and most fashionable at Naples. I went there, not on the latter account, but

because all the other less expensive ones were full. The English had come to Naples that season, in large numbers; almost every carriage we saw was an English one. We secured rooms, ordered dinner, and made ourselves comfortable. I recommend every one going to the *Crocelle,* because it is an excellent establishment, where we found the living to be just as cheap, or just as expensive as at any other place; all depends on the parties themselves. The attendance is good, the fare first-rate, and the wines exquisite; the *maitre d'hote* is a very civil, gentlemanly person; is ready to do every or anything for you, gives you every information you require; and renders you every assistance in his power, regarding papers, passports, &c.; the charges are very moderate; you find yourself quite

at home; the rooms private and comfortable, and there are servants exclusively attached to each suite of apartpartments. We were at Naples for four days; we lived, certainly, not very economically; the bill amounted to about £15 altogether; this included carriage hire, ticket to opera, and other extras. We were certainly much pleased with our quarters, and only regretted that we were not able to stay there for a longer period than we did. We were now on the continent of Europe; and thus far had we progressed, though slowly, on our journey homewards. Time was fast flying by, and our sojourn at Naples found us verging towards the end of January. Still we were delighted that we had selected this, in preference to the direct route to Marseilles; for we saw a great deal that repaid us fully

for the delay; and I would not have missed seeing Naples and its neighbourhood, for all the world! I ask the reader, is it not better to come home overland, and by the way we took, than that abominable slow business round the Cape?

I cannot close this chapter, without stating it as my very humble opinion, that whatever objections there may be (and I know, and have heard, that there are such) in the mode of travelling across the desert; whatever inconveniences the traveller may be subjected to during the rapid transit; if he adopts the course I pursued, and comes home the way I did—all that he will enjoy during the latter period of his journey, will counter-balance, and make up for, all the sufferings and disagrèmens of the

former, if in real truth he experiences the one, or the other. But, I think it to be a true observation, and I have generally found it to be the case in my experience, that the objections I allude to, of inconveniences—of discomforts—of rapidity—of this thing and that, take their origin from, and are made by, discontented hypochondriacs, who are at a perpetual controversy with themselves, and everybody, and thing they meet with. They are not content at grumbling and growling about nothing, and making themselves unhappy thereby; but they take a strange pleasure in trying to make those about them so also. It is a great pity, that such persons should cloy the pleasures of their fellow-creatures; and I am only surprised, that men of common sense should allow

themselves to be biased by the idle talk and foolish prejudices of a set of people, whose intellects are, some of them, as wanting, as are their *brains* disordered, by a lengthened stay in the land of the East; a set of superannuated old women, either in their dotage, or second childhood. I recommend my friends to judge for themselves, instead of allowing others to judge for them, and not to be led away by their croakings and fault findings.

## CHAPTER XII.

City of Naples—Soldiery—A Trip to Pompeii—Remarks on Starting—The Drive thither—Barracks for Troops—Portici—Approach to Pompeii—The Guard over the Ruins—Guides—Concluding Observations.

WHAT a beautiful city is Naples! What splendid buildings, public and private! What clean, well laid out streets! The different churches, the theatres, the museums, the palaces, the fortifications! Who would not see Naples? I cannot, I dare not, attempt a description. I should utterly fail;

the task would be too difficult to perform; and, as it has been already detailed and expatiated upon by others, I shall say little or nothing on the subject; suffice it, that I was much delighted with the whole, and most earnestly do I recommend those who have not seen it, to lay out a few of their slumbering pounds, shillings, and pence, and take a trip there some fine day, very early in spring; and if they are not pleased as much as I was, I am very much mistaken. Italy is the paradise of Europe, and Naples is its bower. Read what the immortal Byron says of Naples; he gives a glowing description of it, and does justice to the subject.

I was particularly struck with the appearance of the soldiery. I must confess, disappointed; I expected better

things; the disappointment, consequently, was great. The Neapolitan soldiers are decidedly of a very low description, not only in point of general appearance, but low in stature. They are not at all to be compared in bulk or height, to the Padsha's troops in Egypt; and, as for their equipments or dress, they are shabby in the extreme. Our native troops in India would beat them off the field in every respect; and I dare say, taking the expression in the *real* signification, our sable visaged "*sipahees*" would find it no very difficult matter to make them scamper. But, in very truth, the troops at Naples are a disgrace to the country. I never saw such unsoldier-like looking, cut-throat ruffians in all my life, (the Egyptians excepted, for they do carry the day, in point of ill-looks,) their uniforms

badly made; their accoutrements hang about them in a most slovenly manner; their arms appeared dirty; in fact, their *tout ensemble* was shameful; what sort of officers they have I know not: if we are to judge of them from the men, I should say the former are upon a par with the latter: the old saying here, holds good, "like master, like man."

As the time of our stay at Naples was to be very limited, we determined upon setting to work at once, and seeing all the wonderful sights, for which this part of the world is so famous: so, before retiring that evening, I sent for the master of the hotel, and desired him to have everything ready for a trip to the ruins of Pompeii, which we would visit the next morning, as early as possible. I ordered a carriage and pair,

a basket of eatables, consisting of cold fowls, sandwitches, fruit, some bottled porter, and a bottle or two of good port wine. I engaged the services of a *valet de place*, and arranged that we should start at eight o'clock, so as to have the whole day before us.

The next morning we made an early breakfast, jumped into our carriage, (a dashing barouche, with a pair of well-conditioned horses, and a coachman in livery,) and drove off, picking up a lady *en route*, whom we had engaged to form a trio in our party. The morning was lovely, not a cloud in the sky; the sun shone brightly, and the air was delightfully cold and bracing; 'twas such a morning as I fancy one meets with no where but in Italy, notwithstanding the season of the year. With what

joyous anticipations did we start on this expedition. We were to see the ruins of a city which had been buried nearly 1,600 years, a place as famous for its antiquity, as it is for its having been covered by the ashes of that terrible engine of destruction—Mount Vesuvius; and restored to the light of day by the meerest accidental discovery, made by a peasant. What wonders have been made known to the living world! In viewing these remains, what feelings do they awaken in the mind, and what rich food do they afford to the classical student, and the learned in ancient lore! Oh, how I wished I were then a boy at school, with all myLatin at my fingers' end! Now, alas! all my learning had evaporated like smoke, and had yielded place to the more barbarous jargon of

Oriental languages! What would I not have given for the knowledge I once had of the classics, to have aided me in my wanderings over this city of the dead! Proh, pudor! that I should have so entirely thrown up such useful attainments! Little did I think, when I deserted my Latin and Greek, for Persian and Hindustanee, that the time would come, when the former would be of use to me on occasions, when the latter would be put aside as diabolical trash! Take warning, my young readers, and forget not your *dead* languages, in acquiring those of the living. However, I was not so far behind, or so ignorant, but that I could distinguish various points; for instance: I remembered, and could understand the various compartments of the buildings, the terms of the different

rooms in the houses and I could translate some few of the inscriptions, and could describe the subjects of the paintings on the walls; so far so good: but I found myself sadly at a loss sometimes, and was obliged to guess at what, perhaps, I would have known at once, had I been more *au fait* at my Latin. I freely confess, that I never felt myself look so small, as when several questions were put to me, and I was unable to answer them. I trust I may be pardoned this slight digression, if I may call it such; I could not help making it, as really the knowledge of one's Latin on the occasion of a visit to such classical remains, (as Pompeii and Herculaneum) is of such importance, that I quote myself, or rather my forgetfulness, as a warning to others, that they may not neglect the

great advantages of possessing such knowledge, at a time, when they least expect it to be of service to them.

Our drive lay through the streets, skirting the bay; the road, as we came more into the country, continuing along the water side for some distance. We passed some very fine buildings; amongst them, the most conspicuous, and at the same time, most remarkable was, an immense range of barracks, sufficiently extensive to admit of their containing (on my word, I am not quite certain how many, but if I recollect right, or if I heard right, my man told me) 50,000 men! The whole is one solid mass of apartments, in three stories, and as straight as a line can be drawn; standing at one end, the further one dwindles down to almost a sharp point,

as the eye follows the lines of perspective. These are noble barracks, certainly; and, from the hasty glance I obtained of them as we drove by, they appeared to me to have been well built, lofty and well ventilated; they are situated close upon the water's edge. There are apartments for all ranks, from the Generalissimo down to the drummer-boy; and the officers' quarters are so arranged, that they are quite private from, though contiguous to, those of the men. I think the stables for the horses are below the level of the ground; I did not, however, see them. There is no open space attached to these barracks; and the whole is enclosed by a wall about twelve feet high, close to the building; so, that where so many troops could assemble for exercise, I know not.

All that I saw of the military, were a few sentries at the gates; but the barracks, themselves, were quite empty. Naples seemed to me to be swarming with soldiery of all arms, but where they were quartered, I did not happen to ascertain.

The road we took was the one to Nocera, passing through Portici, Resina, and Torre del Greco, until we came to Torre del Anunziata, which is about eleven or twelve miles from Naples. Portici is an extensive town, built over slumbering Herculaneum, which lies buried for the most part in silent mystery, only portions of it having been excavated. From the circumstance of a town being built over the site, which covers the ancient city, the latter must remain for ever concealed; any attempts to excavate beyond what has already been exposed,

would involve the upper town in ruin, and endanger the lives of the inhabitants. The scenery, as we drove along, was lovely and animating. We were stopped on the road by the police, to enquire if we had anything contraband in our carriage; a ridiculous farce, as foolish as those who instituted it. At Torre del Anunziata, we took the ancient route from Rome to Herculaneum, which was not in very good order for four-wheeled carriages of the present day; however, we preferred it as being the shorter of the two, and we thought it just as well to go over it, as being a part of the famous Appian way, leading right up to the street of the tombs.

The approach to Pompeii presented huge heaps of rubbish on either side of the road, the produce of the excavations. The city itself lies low, in a sort of a

valley as it were, surrounded by these mounds of rubbish: so, that nothing is visible until you arrive at the entrance gate; a modern affair with small buildings, such as guard rooms and little cottages attached, for the accommodation of the soldiery and other public servants belonging to the department employed in opening the ruins.

Arrived at this gate, we alighted, and were immediately introduced to an official, who presented himself; our man telling him, that I was an English officer, come with the ladies, to spend the day at, and view the ruins. We procured a man to carry our basket of provender, and directed the coachman to go round to the other side of the city, to bait his horses, and attend our coming. There is a strong guard of veterans stationed here,

which furnishes details to different parts, for the purpose of protecting the most important and valuable of the ruins—a very necessary precaution; as, if there were no one to look after them, Pompeii, (or rather what remains of it) would very soon he carried away piecemeal. In former days, visiters were permitted to remain in the city as long as they pleased; which indulgence, some unprincipled folks took advantage of; and one night walked off with some most valuable relics, committing infamous extravagances, to the great detriment of the buildings, and the disgust of the king of Naples; who forthwith directed that a guard should be placed there, and that nobody should be allowed to enter before sunrise, or to remain after sunset.

There are a particular set of men in

livery, attached to the ruins, who are regularly paid and clothed by government, employed expressly for the purpose of conducting visitors, and of pointing out all the curiosities worthy of notice. These are called guides, and very useful people they are: men who have been at Pompeii from their childhood upwards, and who are well acquainted with the histories, names, &c., of all the places, and the subjects of all the pictures on the walls; the great drawback, in these old fellows, is, their inability to converse in English; they may make the same remark on our ignorance of their language—very true; still the drawback is more inconvenient to us, as if they could explain things to us in English, it would facilitate matters, and save us the trouble of trying to talk Italian, of which we may not know

one syllable; or if we ever did, of which we did not then remember a single sentence. The old valet rascal we had, was but a sorry interpreter; so that we got on badly, being obliged to work our way by guessing; however, it was all very agreeable, and we enjoyed ourselves, which after all, was the main thing. It is necessary for the visiter to take plenty of loose cash, in small coin, in his pockets; as there is a constant demand for it, in more ways than one. If you wish to pick up a stone, or bit of marble, your hand must first go into your pocket before you can touch the one or the other. I brought away several odds and ends, and I had to pay highly too for them. The old guide was as cunning as a serpent, and had his eye open upon us all; but when the silver was put into his hands, he was as blind as a bat,

would not, or could not, see for the world. Anything of consequence, of course we did not attempt to remove or touch; I poked about with my stick, as usual, but found nothing. What would I not have given to have fallen in with a ring or a *cameo,* or even a rusty nail; but alas! I was not so fortunate; my good luck left me in the theatre at Syracuse. But, let us proceed towards the ruins at once; pray excuse me, gentle reader, for keeping you so long waiting at the gateway. I have to crave your indulgence, in following me patiently through this delightful ramble; over these remains of an interesting people, now no more; and I heartily trust, that you will pardon any inaccuracy of description, or any errors, of which, (having as I before observed, made but few notes) I may be guilty; my narrative is mostly from

memory, though I venture to observe, with all modesty, that if my friends were to consult works written by celebrated men, giving beautiful and accurate details of this place, founded on minute surveys, of lengthened periods, with science and learning, and cultivated minds for their guide and assistance; I think, if I am not much mistaken, the short sketch I am about to give, of what I saw in the space of less than eight hours, will not abound with so great a number of mistakes, as to draw down upon my head the ire or sarcasm of those who may favour these pages with a perusal.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Diomed's Villa—Wine Vaults—Jars, or Amphoræ —Julia's Bath—The various Apartments—The Street of the Tombs—Fortifications.

THE first building to which we were conducted, was the *Villa Suburbanæ*, or *Diomed's Villa*, called so from the circumstance of the existence of a tomb, discovered about the same period, immediately opposite to it, bearing that name. The supposed proprietor was known to have existed in Pompeii, and

is said to have been an opulent wine merchant; his riches had enabled him to live in the splendid Villa, over the ruins of which we were now wandering. Extensive subterranean passages or vaults, wherein were found large earthen jars, or *amphoræ,* are the principal causes for ascribing to Diomed the calling of a vendor of wines. That he was a wealthy one there is no doubt. The remains of his house speak for themselves. There are still many doubts as to who was the real owner; however, as it is not of much consequence here, we will put down Diomed for its quondam lord and master, and consider him such to the end of the chapter.

We first traversed the cellars, in which were found between fifteen to twenty skeletons, those of the unfortunate mem-

bers of the family, who had betaken themselves thither at the moment, when Vesuvius began its dreadful vomitings. The father of the family fled, abandoning to their fate those, whom, from ties of paternal regard, he should have clung closer to in the hour of danger; but, alas! the love of life proved too strong; and accompanied by a slave, carrying his most precious moveables, he fled to the sea, which he never reached alive. His daughter, two children, and the other members of his household, as above mentioned, sought protection in the subterranean vaults, which, by the aid of the wine jars already there stored, and the provisions which they brought down with them, they probably considered as sufficient refuge against an evil, of which they could not guess the whole extent.

The hope was indeed a vain one; for their place of refuge proved their grave; as they were suffocated by the ashes which filled the apartment; through the ventilators over head, the volcanic matter penetrated in so fine a powder, that the forms of their persons and apparel, remained impressed in it. The vital air inside was changed into a sulphureous vapour; and in their despair, longing for the pure breath of heaven, they rushed to the door, already choked with *scoriæ* and ruins, and perished in agonies, on which the imagination does not willingly dwell. The man with us pointed out the mark on the wall, from whence was taken the mould of the bosom of one of the females, supposed to have been the daughter; this mould is shown in the museum at Naples. The vaults

are in a perfect state of preservation. There were the wine jars alluded to, standing against the walls, as if placed there but yesterday; in some of these, their contents (dried and hardened by time,) were still preserved; some pretend to recognise in this hardened substance, the flavour of the rich strong wine, for which the neighbourhood is celebrated. Leaving the vaults, we came out at another door, and walked over the various apartments, which constituted this interesting mansion. There was one room, in a triangular shape, with a bath in it; this room the guide, informed us, was called *Julia's room,* the unfortunate daughter of Diomed. I slipped into the bath, and as the bricks were all loose, I picked one up for a curiosity, and put it into my pocket.

This, and indeed all the rooms, from what we saw, and could judge, must have been very elegantly decorated; the remains of paintings on the walls indicated great taste, on the part of the proprietor; but the reader must peruse that excellent work, by Sir W. Gell, for more elaborate and accurate accounts regarding Pompeii altogether, in which he will glean such information as he will require; the limits of this journal will not permit me to enter into any lengthened detail; in fact, doing so would be departing from the main subject, and making the work a dissertation on ruinous houses, and other matter, such as I have not any wish to burthen it with.

However, I may briefly state, that every house or residence of consequence, (those, I mean, belonging to the higher

classes, of the inhabitants of the city,) was divided into several compartments, each bearing a particular designation; and each arranged according to the caprice or taste of the owners: these compartments are so numerous, and varied in their situations, and their names also are in such multitudes, crowding one upon the other, that I will spare the reader the trouble of wading through them—an uninteresting task, particularly as the subject may not be of any importance. Diomed's Villa is much more extensive than the generality of the Pompeian houses, consequently, it contains many more rooms; to which are attached their respective names, which I cannot possibly remember, even had I an inclination to mention them. It was amongst the first excavated, and is now,

consequently, the most ruinous of all; in the garden there is a gate, near which were found the skeletons of Diomed and his slave; the former had in his hand the key of the gate, and near him were about a hundred gold and silver coins —the latter was found with some silver vases; poor fellows! they were attempting to escape when the burning sands overwelmed them. There were wells in this house, (as in all others,) with the marks of the ropes used for drawing water, upon the marble of which the mouths were generally composed. In the kitchen we saw signs of fire, and the places for cooking, are exactly as those used in our kitchens in India at the present day. This building is one of a few which had two stories. The upper one was generally occupied by the slaves

and domestics of the establishment, whilst the lower rooms were held by the different members of the family; and one or two, (or more according to the size of the house) were assigned for the accommodation of guests. The lower part of Diomed's Villa opened under an arcade which ran round the area, and which was beautifully paved with Mosaic, and painted. One of the rooms, a bed-room, probably that of the master, had glass windows, set in lead as at the present day. That the ancients used glass, is, by this, a decided proof; several bottles of all sizes, were also discovered, containing oil, honey, &c. Few of the houses have any roofs, and those are only modern which have them, having been placed there for the protection of the buildings or of some valuable paintings. The tops of the walls are

covered with tiles, to protect them from the rain. Those of the rooms are more or less in pretty good preservation; some of them have excellent paintings on them, on grounds generally of the Tyrian purple and black; sometimes yellow, and sometimes green. The Mosaic and other work is in many parts beautiful, and looks as if put down but recently.

After looking all over Diomed's Villa, we issued into the *Street of the Tombs*, so denominated from its running through a sort of burying-ground; large, small, and elegantly constructed tombs, ranging on either side of it, showing well, the peculiar method adopted by the ancients for disposing of their dead, and of perpetuating their memory. The whole of the way up to the gate of Herculaneum (one of the entrances into the city) is one

continued line of tombs; besides other buildings, among which is an inn, or hostelry, of considerable extent; as also another villa, called the suburban Villa of Cicero. We saw also some inscriptions on the tombs which were perfectly legible. The street itself is formed of lava, and is very narrow, seldom exceeding ten feet in width, except *within* the gate, where it is upwards of twenty feet; the foot-ways, or *trottoirs*, are two or three feet wide, having regular curb-stones, in some of which there are holes cut, evidently for the purpose of fastening horses or other animals, with halters. The lava of which the pavement is composed, is laid in irregular pieces, joined neatly together, in which the chariot wheels have worn ruts, still discernible; wherever the pavement has been injured by pieces breaking

off, the damage has been repaired with pieces of iron, which still remain in the angles. On the right hand side of the gate of Herculaneum, as we enter it, is a recess or alcove, wherein was found the skeleton, supposed to have been that of the brave and faithful sentinel, with his trusty spear in his hand, who preferred perishing at his post, to deserting it—a proof of the splendid state of discipline in which the Roman soldiery must have been kept. The open shield and helmet, of this soldier, I saw exhibited in the museum. Looking down the Street of Tombs, from the gate, a very interesting sight presented itself, which I shall never forget. Notwithstanding all that we saw was of most remote antiquity, still there was a newness about them, which pictured to our imaginations the work of but a few

days; the marble and other stone work looked as if fresh from the chisel, and the whole carried with it anything but the appearance of having been buried for a period of upwards of nineteen centuries. We could not, unfortunately, enter any of the tombs, as I would have wished; the doors were locked, to prevent pilfering, I suppose.

Passing through the gate of Herculaneum, the old guide pointed out to us an entrance to what was formerly an inn, distinguished by *chequers* on each side of the doorway. We went into the stables, where were found bones of horses; and into the cellar, where wine jars were found ranged against the walls; rings for tying the horses, and three cars were also discovered. Ruins of houses on either side, some utterly destroyed; others

again in tolerable preservation, met our view as we passed along; all showing forcibly and plainly, what they once were, and what they now are—silent mementos of a people who existed and flourished at a period, when our forefathers were in a state of semi-barbarism!

The walls or fortifications presented curious specimens, generally of the *Etruscan* style of building; the stones being, as it were, *dove-tailed* into each other. The course of the walls at Pompeii, has been traced by excavation. They surrounded the city, except on the sea-ward side, where no remains of them are to be found. They consist mostly of lava, and are capped with battlements, ingeniously contrived to defend the men on them, who could throw their javelins through the embrasures in comparative safety.

There are towers at intervals, with arch ways, allowing a free passage along the ramparts, and they are furnished with sally ports. They may have been strong formerly and well adapted to the times in which they were erected, but they are now in a very ruinous state; it is said that they were much injured before the final catastrophe during the "*Social War*," and that it was not thought necessary to rebuild them owing to the then peaceful state of the country.

# CHAPTER XIV.

Temple of Fortuna—Houses of Pacta and of Pausa —The Public Baths—The Forum—Temple of Jupiter—The Basilica Pantheon—An Occurrence —Theatres—School—Temple of Isis—Various Buildings—Amphitheatre—Return to Naples.

We saw temples dedicated to various gods and goddesses; some of them in a most ruinous state, others tolerably preserved, all exhibiting elegant specimens of architecture of different orders. Amongst them, we saw one dedicated to fortune—

the temple of Fortuna, situated in the neighbourhood of the Forum; this temple is a small one, though at the same time, a very beautiful building, cased with marble both within and without, and accessible by a flight of steps. There is an altar in front; and remains of iron railings running along the lowest step, are still visible, placed there, no doubt, to protect the altar from wanton intrusion. At the end of the building is a niche, containing another smaller temple, richly finished and designed, under which was placed the statue of the goddess. From an inscription on the architrave, we find that this temple was dedicated by a private individual, named *Marcus Tullius*, supposed to be a descendant of the great Cicero. It is said, that the ancients made excavations on this spot, and carried away the columns of the

temple, and the marble also with which it was lined; some of the capitals, however, remain to show the order of its architecture; and enough is preserved to assure the visiter that it was as rich in ornament, as it was highly finished. This temple, along with others, afforded ample opportunities for the crafty priests attached to them to carry on their malpractices, which it is a well-known fact they were in the habit of playing off upon the infatuated and prejudiced inhabitants. Here was a place of general resort for those, who, imposing reliance on the idle oracles of those priests, used to flock thither to ask their fortunes and future fates; the answers received to questions put, being in accordance with the poverty or wealth of those applying, or with the amount of donation given. Here, also, was a

fashionable lounge for the idle and dissolute of that period, who, doubtless, assembled to pass away a few dull hours; to hear the latest news from Rome, eye the women, and talk scandal; but this is merely an imaginary supposition on my part; it may have been so, or it may not; who knows?

The next place we visited, was the house of a tragic poet, so called, from the numerous beautiful paintings found on the walls; and which are now safely placed in the museum at Naples. The first object which attracted our attention, was the figure of a black dog, represented in the act of springing;—the device is worked in Mosaic on the pavement, and is well executed; he has a red collar round his neck, underneath is written in large legible characters, "*Cave Canem,*" *Beware*

*of the dog!*—a good warning, which, no doubt, had the desired effect in preventing beggars and vagrants from entering the house, which stood invitingly open to receive and welcome all comers. It was not an uncommon practice amongst the ancients, to have dogs chained in their *vestibule*, as guards against all intruders. The various apartments of this mansion are very conveniently arranged, and the pictures on their walls are in keeping with them; the most beautiful of the pictures amount to ten or twelve in number; the whole of these I had the satisfaction to see and to study. It would be an endless undertaking, were I to attempt even to describe them; the one I recollect chiefly, was the parting between Achilles and Briseis, the scene being where he is delivering her up to the

heralds, who have come for her. I do not remember the rest of the story, so will not trouble the reader, who, I dare say, is aware of the whole, and knows it better than I do. When first discovered, this picture was particularly fresh in its colourings.

We went next to the house of Pausa, which is a mansion in respect to regularity of plan and extent, the most remarkable within the walls. It was evidently the residence of a person of consequence, and derives its name from the circumstance of its being painted in red near the principal entrance, though, I believe, there is no dependance on the correctness of the name given. The whole building is completely insulated, being surrounded by four streets; but, although thus separated, it does not appear to have been inhabited

by one individual; probably, the lord of the mansion occupied the main portion, and let the rest out to trades-people and others, as was the custom in those days; and the existence of shops, or remains of them, are proofs in support of the supposition; there were bakers' shops, and wine shops, and others. We rambled over the different rooms, and admired their arrangements; there was the reservoir, or *compluvium,* as it is termed, for catching the rain water, in which fish were generally kept; the bones of several were found in some of them. On either side are several smaller rooms, for guests, for the siesta, for libraries, and for holding consultations in; for receiving visitors, and for transacting business. We walked into the garden, at least, what remains of it; there was also a small room pointed out

as having been appropriated for the household gods; the ancients were very particular on this point, and no house went without some portion being appropriated for abode of the *Lares*; the room thus appropriated was called the *lavarium*. Next, we went into the kitchen, in which were found several articles for culinary purposes; the stoves, &c., are perfect, and the walls decorated with symbolical representations of the art of cookery. This house has been long excavated, and is, consequently, not so fresh as others; however, it is in tolerable repair. In one of the rooms were found four skeletons, supposed to be those of females, by golden ear-rings, bracelets, and other articles of jewellery, found with them; also, some gold and silver coins. There is a bakehouse attached to the Pausa mansion;

it is a remarkable affair altogether, and gives us an excellent idea of how bread was made in those days. There stood the oven, in which were found loaves of bread, small cakes, and biscuits, with the name of the man who made them on each; there were also the mills for grinding the corn, the kneading-bowls, water-cistern, &c., The mills are of themselves curiosities, and appear to have been worked by a mule, for there is a stable close by, in which was found the skeleton of some animal, either a mule, or a donkey. In the wine shop is a marble slab, which, even to this day, shows the marks of the cups placed there for drinking out of; and on the jars in the oil shops, are stamped the names of the makers; the bricks also are similarly marked. No fire-place was visible in this or in any of

the houses we visited; the rooms were generally warmed by flues running round them, or by braziers full of charcoal, which were always kept by the *compluvium.* There is a great deal of taste exhibited by the proprietor (whoever he was) of this house. The Corinthian pilasters in the vestibule, and the columns which adorned some of the principal apartments, are graceful in the extreme: the pavements beautifully ornamented with Mosaics, or coloured with chalks or pigments; the whole, when entire, must have presented a strikingly elegant and pleasing appearance. The house of Sallust, close by, is another beautiful ruin; but I will not trouble the reader by detailing what we there saw.

We next proceeded to the baths, or as they are termed, the *Thermæ;* here we

stayed a long while, and were much interested with all we saw, as well as with the description given, of the various divisions of the buildings. The place where the porter or clerk, received the money from the bathers, was pointed out by our guide: a sword in a leather scabbard, and some money in a box, were found here, supposed to have appertained to that functionary. We were shown the *Tepidarium,* the *Caldarium,* the *Frigidarium,* and the *Sudatorium*—all curious and remarkable places: then there was the place where the furnaces and boilers were; then we saw the pipes for conducting the water, and the heating flues; and there was a bronze brazier in one of the rooms, of itself a curious relic; the steps into the baths worn; the seats in the waiting rooms for the use of servants and others; the

pegs for hanging clothes upon; all indicated the quondam existence of human beings; and really, the silent and deserted rooms appeared as if the people who once used to occupy them, in such numbers, had but quitted, to enable us to look at them uninterrupted. The baths for the women are contiguous to those of the men, separated by a thick strong wall of solid masonry. The whole appears to have been more or less decorated by paintings, and the floors by Mosaics; but both are, generally speaking, destroyed. In one of the bath-rooms, I forget which, we were startled by seeing a trap-door suddenly lift up; and a human being emerge therefrom; the circumstance of the door lifting made me expect (it was the least I could do) to behold one of the ancients rising to welcome us; but no

such thing occurred; a fellow dressed in a black-tail coat and trowsers, came up to us with a smirk and a grin, addressing us in Italian, and offered us wine, which he said was made in the cellars below, wishing us to taste thereof. We politely declined the honour, as we had no idea of drinking *sour trash* in a place, where, according to the ancients, no wine was drank, and we were not particularly anxious to deluge ourselves with such stuff, when we knew that some excellent port awaited us hereafter; however, rather than that the poor man should be disappointed, I gave him some silver, at which he was very well satisfied. There are three or four entrances to the baths, from different directions; at each of these, the walls are covered with inscriptions and scribblings—giving notice of shows,

exhibitions, bull-fights, men's names, &c., but these are fast disappearing; indeed, many we saw are scarcely legible.

From the baths, we wandered on to the *Forum*, or public market-place, a locality still observed and appropriated, in most, if not all, of our towns at the present day; the place where people assemble, to buy and to sell; to barter and bargain; to wrangle and dispute; to shake hands and be friends; to cheat and deceive; to eat and to drink, to make money and to lose; so was it in those days as it is now, and so will it continue, I suppose. We entered the Forum through an archway on one side of the *Temple of Jupiter*, or as some call it, the *Senaculum*, or *Council Chamber*; we stood in the temple itself, and from thence had a beautiful look down upon

the Forum. There it was, all that remained of it, before us: the slumbering columns, the ruined arcade, the statueless pedestals, the untenanted boutiques, or stalls; the upturned marble pavement, the unfinished repairs, in one mass of destruction and decay. Has the reader perused Bulwer's "*Last Days of Pompeii?*" What a beautiful description does he give of this place; nay, of the whole city. The temple is a magnificent ruin; it is like all the others in Pompeii, raised from the ground on an elevated basement, or *podium*, and is ascended by many steps; the floors are paved with marble and Mosaic; some of the latter I picked up and put into my pocket. Here, we halted to refresh; and here, seated, on some of the prostrate pillars, we opened our basket of provender, and

regaled ourselves on cold fowl and ham, and a good glass of wine—a libation to the god, in whose temple we were enjoying ourselves, was indispensable; so I was clumsy enough to smash a bottle of good porter; it might have been better had I broken one of port; but I thought the damage done was sufficient, enough for Old Jove; perhaps he had never the good fortune to taste such prime stuff as that—the reputed *nectar* of the gods, being nothing stronger than *eau sucre.* I traversed the buildings in the immediate vicinity of the temple; amongst the rest, I saw the *prison,* in which were found skeletons, left to perish in the general confusion; their leg-bones were seen still within the shackles. I saw them in the museum. The view of the Forum, as it now is, from the temple, is

beautiful; what must it have been in the days of its prosperity, when it was entire, with all the splendours of its architectural decorations, and with human beings to enliven the whole! Descending the flight of steps, we traversed the open space in front, and looked well at all the various interesting objects, which lay in every direction. We visited the *Basilica,* and there saw the terrible place of trial and punishment. The tribunal was pointed out to us, and also the place where stood the prisoners. The remains of this proved that it must have been the largest and most extensive building in Pompeii. Thence we went to the Pantheon, so called from twelve pedestals placed round an altar, which are supposed to have supported statues of the twelve principal gods of the mythology; at the further end is a

small temple; the walls show remains of some good paintings, but they are nearly obliterated. I picked up here, a bit of the plastering from the wall, and some chips of marble; and, although I dug about, I was not fortunate enough to find anything of consequence. The old guide was very blind, particularly after the *prandium* in the temple of Jupiter. I gave him on that occasion, a whole fowl, and a large jorum of wine; he was so civil after it. There is nothing like treating these poor fellows with kindness. I do believe, that had I been lucky enough to have picked up a rich cameo, he would not have said a word against my taking it away. But, alas! I had not the opportunity. One of my fellow passengers was however, more fortunate than I was. We were all assembled in

a room which the workmen were cleaning and repairing. There was a marble table in the centre, almost hidden with ashes; my friend amused himself, unseen, by scraping away the ashes from under the table, just to satisfy his curiosity; when to his great joy and pleasure, he pulled out a bronze vase, which he brandished in his hands, dancing about the room like a madman. He was forthwith surrounded by the men employed—the vase snatched out of his hands, and he himself forcibly ejected from the room. The vase was replaced, and the ashes thrown over it, as if nothing had happened; poor fellow! he was certainly most dreadfully disgusted. I attempted to remove this vase myself a short while afterwards, thinking that the people were gone to their meals, but it was of no

use; I found all of them sitting in the room eating away, and talking about the occurrence just mentioned, and evidently, on the *qui vive* for a fresh attempt to remove it. I wished much to have done it, for it was a beautiful thing; I pulled out a purse full of gold, and shook it before them, but all in vain. Oh! King of Naples, what a lucky dog you are!

Leaving the pantheon, we walked over the ruins contiguous to it; and after that, went to the theatres close by. There are two of them; one larger than the other and tolerably preserved; the smaller one was covered. It appeared strange to me, that two places of public amusement, such as these, should have been built so close to each other. In front of the large theatre is an open portico, which has been termed *"the Soldiers' Quarters"* from

several pieces of armour having been found there. As no regular barracks have as yet been discovered, I should suppose that these were really the quarters occupied by a portion of the troops in the garrison at the time. We saw a great deal of scribbling on the walls; and the guide said, that several swords and lance heads were also found with the other articles above alluded to. With reference to the writing, that is no proof, as I should think, that the rigid discipline which was maintained in the Roman army, was a sufficient prevention against the soldiery indulging in such a propensity; but, from the latter circumstance, they must have occupied the building in question when the disaster took place; and we read, that it was generally customary to quarter troops in the neigh-

bourhood of places of public amusement. Close to these theatres are the remains of the *Greek Temple;* why so termed I know not; little more than the mere foundation now exists. I dare say it was destroyed before the city. There are sveral entrances to the theatres; and the whole gives us an excellent idea of how the ancients used to amuse themselves in the drama: the methods adopted for the performances must have been curious and complicated. I must refer the reader to Sir W. Gell's work, in which a beautiful and clear description of these theatres is given: my doing so, or attempting to do so, would be an endless task if not a failure: my time was so limited, that it would have been an impossibility to have recollected everything, as I have already remarked.

Next we visited the Temple of Isis, a, small building ornamented with pilasters, and presenting to the visiter one of the most beautiful ruins in the whole of Pompeii; it is the most perfect example now existing of the parts and disposition of an ancient temple. In one of the apartments was found a skeleton, supposed to be that of one of the priests, who, having deferred, probably, to make his escape, until it was too late to do so, by the door, was attempting it by cutting his way with an axe through the walls; he had already forced a passage through two, but ere he could pass a third, was stifled by the vapour; the axe was lying by him, and the holes which he had made were pointed out to us. In another large chamber, was found another skeleton, who seems to have been at his

meals, for chicken-bones, egg-shells, and earthen vases were near him. Many other skeletons were discovered in the sacred precincts, supposed those of priests, who trusting vainly to the power of their deity, (a vain hope, indeed!) were unwilling to quit her protection, and thus they perished; there were many curious relics discovered here relating to the sacrifices offered up to Isis, who seems to have been a fashionable goddess, and the temple much frequented, as indicated by the steps leading up to the fane being much worn out. We then went to what is called the school-room; there is nothing particular in it, except the pulpit, or master's desk, from which they delivered their lectures. These schools were generally situated near the Forum, or some public place. We visited the house of a

sculptor, some of whose statues begun upon, were found with others, finished; as also, unworked marble, ready with chisels and other tools, for carving. A house, supposed to have been that of a surgeon, was pointed out to us. In this were found several surgical instruments and bottles, and on the walls were paintings illustrative of the profession of its occupier. In another street, we saw the abode of a money lender; in which were discovered bags of coin, and a pair of scales for weighing it out. Bags with money rolling out, and other characteristics, are painted on the walls; and, in a side room is a cash chest, which, when cleared of the ashes, was found open, and not a single coin in it —a proof that the owner, or some person, had had time sufficient to carry away the contents thereof. It is a fact well sub-

stantiated, that the Pompeians returned to the ruins after the dreadful irruption, and its horrors had subsided, and excavated in several parts, which enabled them to carry away with them many valuable articles, as also a great many of their statues, &c.; so that it is very probable, that the contents of this said cash chest, might have been taken away also at the same time. The chest has the appearance of having been a strong one, for it is clamped with iron bars, and thickly studded with nails. At present, it is enclosed in a cage, to prevent further injury. Amongst the various other buildings I visited, was one, the sign over the door-way of which indicated the trade of its tenant, a more barefaced and glaring thing I never saw: it spoke for itself.

We were quite knocked up with our

walking; my head ached, and my face burned with the excitement: I became perfectly overcome, both in mind and body, so that I was often obliged to sit down to take breath, and pause awhile ere I proceeded. There was not a nook or corner, but what I entered it; dodging the old guide, who followed me, fearing, doubtless, lest I should purloin something; alas! there was nought to purloin, except dust and ashes, and we had abundance of that. I was obliged to content myself with bits and chips, as I picked them up. There was a great deal more to see, ere we quitted; but our ladies were quite fatigued, and the day was far spent. However, I contrived that we should have a peep at all the most particular buildings, which we did, as already described; and I managed also to take a hasty, rough

sketch or two, which I was able to finish at my leisure, from copies in other works; notwithstanding which, I trust the reader will do me the credit to consider, that though finished by a copy, the original was my own; but there was one sight more, to have left which unseen, would have been evincing a most shameful instance of neglect, and a great want of taste and curiosity, to say the least of it: this sight was the beautiful *Amphitheatre*, excavated and cleared, by King Murat. Thither we went, and a grand sight met our view. The way to it lay over unexcavated mounds of ashes, through a grove of trees. What there was underneath I know not. We came to the entrance gateway of this noble place of entertainment, and passing through various passages, emerged at once into the *arena*

or open space; and this was the amphitheatre. How grand the spectacle! On each side of the door-way leading into arena, are two small rooms, or dens, in which were found the skeletons, supposed to be, one of a lion, and the other of a tiger. In other places were found human skeletons, some of them without heads; in all probability, remains of the unfortunate gladiators, who fell in the course of the entertainment. It is said, that at the time the city was overwhelmed, a public exhibition was going on at the amphitheatre; the place was crowded to excess; the dreadful scene which followed, when Vesuvius vomited forth its fires, may be better imagined than described. The small number of skeletons found, however, here, prove that there was ample time for escape; and those who perished, must

have been crushed by the immense crowd trying to quit the place; the terror and confusion which ensued, not giving their friends an opportunity of rendering those fallen any assistance, or of taking away the bodies. The whole is in a tolerable state of preservation, though we read that a great portion of the masonry has been from time to time removed. It appears to have suffered less than any we had seen; and it only required to be re-peopled, to have made it look what it did, when many of those who were last there, were supposed to have been swallowed up in the overwhelming ashes of the terrific volcano, or crushed to death, by the flying multitude. The dimensions of the amphitheatre are clearly mentioned by Sir. W Gell; according to him, it must have contained about 10,000 spectators;

though some have affimed that there was ample room for 30,000. Around the arena, on the walls of the basement, were paintings, as also inscriptions, mentioning the names of several individuals who were some of the leading men of the city, and patrons of the sports. The place is kept in good order; indeed, it may be said to be almost perfect, though time, that *edax rerum*, is doing much towards its destruction.

It was late in the afternoon, when we finished our tour, over these interesting remains of antiquity; and, as we had a good distance to go back, we hurried to where our *voiture* was waiting :-and after giving plenty of loose coin, to our friends in attendance, and shaking hands with some of the old veterans at the gateway we drove off on our journey to our tem-

porary home, highly gratified, and enchanted with our day's jaunt, and only regretting, that our time was so short, and that we were unable in consequence, to devote more of it to the place. Can I ever forget all I felt on this occasion! Shall I ever cease to remember all I saw! Ah, never! Shall I ever visit Pompeii again? Ah yes! if it pleases God to spare me through another ten years in India.

The odds and ends which I picked up in Pompeii, were very insignificant, as far as their intrinsic worth was concerned; but they were to me, as so many invaluable gems. I was obliged to consider them such *nolens volens,* for want of anything better; I doubt not, but that had I offered largely of gold and silver, I might have opened one or two pockets, and secured somewhat to have satisfied me;

but I did not like to do so; it would have been too bad, with the prospects of detection before my eyes; as it was, the fellows at the gateway wanted to search us, but our guide declared we had nothing, so we passed on without interruption. We did not stop at Portici, or Herculaneum; as in the first place, it was quite dark when we passed through it; and, in the second, our ladies were so tired that they declared they would prefer going home at once.

We arrived late at our hotel, where a nice dinner awaited us, which was quite acceptable after all our exertions. I never recollect having enjoyed a good glass of wine more than I did the delicious rich hermitage, supplied at the hotel. There was everything correct at the *Crocelle*. It is situated at a conve-

nient distance from the city, facing the sea, and not far from the English chapel. The rooms are elegantly furnished, the beds as they should be, and everything as clean as the most fastidious would wish it. There are carriages and horses for riding or driving, attached to the establishment, at very moderate charges, and the whole *turn-out,* such as no man would be ashamed of. But let us proceed on our pereginations over this lovely city — this ever to be admired Naples. Before, however, concluding this chapter, permit me, gentle reader, to beg you will look upon my failings favorably. I fear much that my visit to Pompeii, and the description I have attempted to give of it, falls very short of what it ought to be; but really, I cannot help myself: could I have dreamt that I was here-

after to commit all I saw to paper; could I have imagined that my travels and adventures (such as they are) were likely to be brought to the scrutiny of an enlightened public; more particularly, when others before me have produced far more able and entertaining accounts, (on the same subject) than this humble effort on my part; could I have anticipated all this, I would have been beforehand in making memoranda of everything I witnessed, so as to have had more correct and accurate assistants at my elbow, than what my memory has provided. I trust, therefore, the generously inclined will enter into my feelings, by making some allowance, and that the lynx-eyed critic will show me some mercy, by not *cutting and slashing* to such a degree, but that I may have some

chance of existing, after the severe chastisement which his *hard-hearted* pen may inflict upon me.

## CHAPTER XV.

Museo Borbonico—Relics from Pompeii and Herculaneum—Etruscan Vases—Galleries of Paintings—Door-Keepers and others—Visit to a Church—A Drunken Friar—Teatro San Carlo — English Chapel—Embarkation—and Passports.

NEXT day, after an early dèjeunér, we ordered our carriage, and started afresh to visit the Royal Museum, or as it called the "*Museo Borbonico,*" which contains the rarest specimens of curiosity, the most remarkable relics of antiquity, to be found in the whole of the civilized world.

What an enviable people are the Neapolitans, to have such a repository of all that can be interesting! Even our own dear country cannot excel it. Our museum, certainly, contains much that is not to be found elsewhere; but I do not think it can claim equality with that of Naples, in point of the rarity of such remains of the *ancients*, as are to be seen within its walls. Am I right?

It was a most disagreeable day. The rain poured down in torrents, the wind blew high, and the cold very trying, so that we should have been much more comfortable had we stayed at home; but this was our last day at Naples—on the morrow we were to embark; we could not, therefore, postpone seeing the museum, and other places. What a fortunate thing it was that the rain did not come down

upon us the day before! There was not any help for it. We had a close carriage, and the only persons who got wet, were the coachman and our stupid old valet. Arrived at the museum, we alighted, and proceeded over the rooms on the first floor, which contained all the beautiful paintings and Mosaics, from Pompeii and Herculaneum. There are books and catalogues for sale, enormously expensive; however, they proved very useful to us. The old paintings are really worth looking at. Some cry out against their removal from their original places; but I think the authorities were perfectly justified in doing so, as had they been allowed to remain where they first were, they would either have been spoilt or stolen. It would be impossible to remember all those I saw;

there are two or three rooms full of them, and they are in a wonderful state of preservation.

Next we proceeded to the rooms, where are exhibited the various articles of domestic economy, found in Pompeii and Herculaneum: pots and pans; plates and dishes; utensils of the cook-room, for measuring, for weighing, for agriculture, for horticulture; lamps, candlesticks, lanterns, of bronze, brass, and silver; tables and chairs, couches and beds, tripods and vases; flower pots and other pots; helmets, breast-plates, swords, lances, bows and arrows, shields, and other pieces of armour; jewellery of all sorts, chains, rings, bracelets, ear-rings, necklaces, combs; rouge in pots, pins, bodkins, shoes, and slippers, oil, olives, honey, figs, plums and raisins; dates, wheat and barley, (some of these in

bottles) eggs, loaves of bread, and biscuits, wearing apparel; skeletons of men, women, children, dogs, horses, asses, mules, lions and tigers; and innumerable other things, which, if I were to mention, would form quite a catalogue of itself. In one room we saw all the beautiful cameos which were found. I never beheld such superb specimens in all my life; one in particular, the largest, how my heart beat as I gazed upon the lovely gem! I told the man in the room, that if no one was present I should feel inclined to gag him, and rob him into the bargain; he grinned like a *Cheshire cat;* shrugged his shoulders, and looked as much as to say, "If you do, how I will hollow!" In the same room, and round about, in glass cases, we saw all the smaller articles of household material. The skull of a female, said to be

that of Diomed's wife, was here shewn us in a glass case. From thence we went to the statuaries—extensive suites of apartments leading one into the other, containing magnificent specimens of sculpture, from Rome, Pompeii, Herculaneuum, and other places, some of white marble, and some of black; then again, there were bronze statues, nearly all in a perfect state. After that, we saw the rooms filled with Etruscan vases, most curious, and, at the same time, elegant things, found generally in Calabria, dug out of ancient places of sepulture, recently discovered. Many of the rooms are paved with the marble taken up from the flooring of chambers at Pompeii; in fact, every room was paved with marble which rendered them so cold underfoot, that we were glad to be out of them.

Finishing with the Etruscan Vases, we walked over the picture galleries—large rooms, the walls of which are covered from the ceiling to the floor, with beautiful productions from the most celebrated schools. There are three or four galleries full of these pictures; to detail them would be useless; could I even remember all I saw. Any one visiting Naples must make it a point of visiting the museum also, and more particularly these picture galleries; the whole is worth going over. I observed many people seated, taking copies of some of the originals. I was informed that they were amateur artists; some of them gentlemen of distinguished families, who have ingress by means of tickets of admission, granted them by the authorities. There were also others, who earned their livelihood

by selling such copies as they finish, on the spot. From one of these individuals, a poor-looking fellow, clad in threadbare garments, I made several purchases at a very moderate price: these men are glad to get anything for their pictures, by which means they are enabled to eke out a miserable existence, without which, I fancy, they earn but a paltry pittance, to keep them from starving. The pictures I purchased are exceedingly well done, and worth double or treble the amount I paid for them. I might have bought up a whole lot of them for little or nothing; but travelling as we were, I could not burden myself with more, particularly as I did not know what duty I should have to pay in my journey through France; I therefore resolved to buy no more than I did; besides, the risk

of their being spoilt was great. Had I been going to England direct from Naples, it would have been a different thing; and they were really so cheap, that I could scarcely resist the temptation.

At the museum, as at other places, our hands were constantly in our pockets. To every door-keeper, and to every conductor, were we obliged to give money, without which, we could never have got on; the smallest sum was sufficient, and the fellows bowed and scraped, and appeared as pleased as possible; this showed their politeness: they never grumbled or seemed dissatisfied, as our English folks are, when they do not receive what they think is enough. Travelling on the continent, one is not exposed to the inconveniences of wrangling with waiters, coachmen, and guards, and other an-

noyances; there, these people are content with what they get; whereas, in our own country, the more you give them, the less satisfied are they, and the more they require. In Italy and France, a small sum is charged in the bills, for waiters, chamber-maids, boots, &c., so that the traveller has nothing to say to them; while in England, if he has the misfortune to travel by coach, he is brought into contact with these worthies, who, if they are not satisfied, turn upon him like so many yelping curs, and are as saucy as possible. I never met with a single instance of insolence on the parts of menials or other understrappers, during the whole time I was travelling; and this I say, because it is really a fact, that here we meet with incivility amongst the lower classes of our own countrymen, it is

diametrically opposite with the *canaille* of our continental neighbours. Here, in England, we are obliged to purchase civility and attention at an enormous price; while there, both come to you without asking; the poor fellows are content with what is given them, and if they get nothing, they shrug up their shoulders, arch their eyebrows, look most awfully ill-treated, and hope for better luck next time.

After finishing with the royal museum, we drove off to visit a church or chapel which had recently been much injured by a shock of an earthquake. It is situated in an obscure part of the town, through which we could not drive on account of the narrowness of the streets; we consequently got out, and walked in the rain, which was any thing but

pleasant. The church is nothing particular as to external appearance; but that was more than made up for, by what we saw inside: it was a figure, in white marble, of *the Saviour*, after having been taken down from the cross, lying on a bed, with the head resting on a cushion or pillar; the whole body being covered with a veil. On first entering, I really thought it was a corpse; so exquisitely is it chiselled, that the veil appeared as if it was a *real veil.* But what was my surprise to find, that the whole was one entire piece of marble, so carved, that the features are visible, as it were, underneath. I never saw anything to equal this truly beautiful specimen of art; pity is it, that it should remain in such an out-of-the-way place. The figure had the appearance of a dead body, in

every respect; and the marks on the hands and feet are so minutely cut, that they looked as if they had been really pierced; the orifices had the appearance of jagged skin and flesh. The pressure of the body on the bedding, and that of the head on the pillow, is inimitable; the position of the hands and fingers, very natural; the sunken eye, the sharp-pointed nose, and the emaciated features, as white, and as pale as death itself, give evidence of the perfect skill and master-hand of the sculptor; his name I did not hear. I shall never forget the feelings of admiration and wonder, which arose in my breast, as I stood stazing upon the lifeless marble before me: "If the imitation is so capable of awakening sorrowful thoughts," said I to myself, "what effects must the reality have had upon

those who gazed upon the lifeless remains of their departed Lord?" Alas! alas. There were several other excellent pieces of sculpture: one in particular, of St. Peter, with a net over part of his body; the knots and the meshes, and even the twist of the twine, so beautifully cut out, that it had the appearance of a real net; but this is nothing to be compared to the recumbent figure before mentioned.

While in this church, we were troubled by the impertinent intrusion of a drunken Friar; the fellow was in his priest's habiliments, and was as jolly as a fiddler; he came swaggering up to the ladies, and insisted upon looking over the book they had with them; this I effectually prevented, by giving him a gentle hint of "*paws off, Pompey!*"

and desired the valet to intimate to *his reverence*, that if he did not make himself scarce, I should be under the painful necessity of lodging a complaint against him at the police office. The scene was ludicrous enough; the valet on bended knee, and folded hands, and a supplicating tone of voice, begging of a drunken Friar to be *civil;* and the latter putting on a look so peculiar to people in that state, as much as to say, "I don't care, I will!" However, this did not last long, for I quietly caught hold of his Friar-ship by the arm, and led him to the door, put a piece of money into his hand, and bade him go take a drop more, as he had not taken half enough; poor fellow! he went off as happy as possible, and I dare say he finished the day most gloriously! I closed the door

upon him, and thus ended our adventure with the inebriated priest. The flooring of this church was quite broken up, and here and there we saw openings or cracks in the ground, indicating the effects of the earthquake. We were glad to leave this place, in case we should have another drunken Friar, and a repetition of what took place as above described.

In the evening we dressed, and drove to the Opera—the *Teatro San Carlo*, said to be the best in Naples: I had secured a whole box for myself, so could take as many as I pleased. On our way thither, therefore, we picked up some ladies, our fellow passengers, and took them with us. From having heard a great deal of this place of entertainment, I was led to expect something very magnificent; but we were woefully disappointed in every

respect. The house is certainly a large one, but the interior appeared very dingy and dismal; it was badly lighted, and the ornamental parts of it much faded and worn out. The house was crowded to excess, as it was expected that some members of the royal family would be there; the piece to be performed was consequently to be something out of the common; but no royalty came that night, though the performance was good, the music first-rate, and the singing superb; the *ballet* most enchanting, and the dancing bewitching! But the theatre is nothing to be compared to our Opera House, or Drury Lane. However, we were much entertained with all we saw, and returned home well pleased with our day's work, the adventure with the Friar included.

The next day being Sunday, we went to our chapel close by. It is a very neat little place of worship, attached to the British Consul's residence. The service was performed by two clergymen, and it was a pleasing sight to see so numerous a congregation. I had not any conception that there were so many of our countrymen at Naples. It was truly gratifying to us to be able to attend divine worship, particularly after an absence from it for the length of time we were; now this was the first time we had been to church since we left India; and oh, how delightful it was, to hear our beautiful church service read; and those joyful tidings of salvation delivered to us by one of God's appointed ministers! and this too, in a land, where Popery holds its sway; and where the bigoted rites and ceremonials of Rome,

are enacted by a people, who though considered amongst the civilized nations of the world, to be an enlightened race, are still, in a measure, labouring under the darker delusions of fanatical error and superstition! notwithstanding, that the light of the blessed gospel of truth, is by providential grace, shining in their city—a light which can never be extinguished, and which will burn with undiminished ray, until "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea!" After church was over, we took a stroll over different parts of the city, and saw all the people promenading the public walks; indeed, Sunday is, with the Romish continentals, a day of jubilee and dissipation, instead of rest and religious employment. In the afternoon, we paid our bills and walked down to the harbour,

called a boat and went on board, bidding farewell to Naples, perhaps for ever!

We were boarded by the passport authorities, who came to return us our papers. I must here mention, that on our arrival at Naples, we sent those documents to be again signed and *vised* —a process, without which, you are likely to be sent back from whence you came, and thus be put to great inconvenience; this was the case with two of our fellow-passengers, who, in consequence of not having had theirs properly endorsed, were *compelled* to return to Malta. These two gentlemen were Swedes, whom we picked up at Alexandria, and who were *told* that it would be necessary to have their papers correct, otherwise they would not be allowed to proceed: they insisted that there was no necessity

for being so particular; that the passport was a mere form; that they would never be even looked at. The result I have already mentioned. Let it be a warning to others. These poor fellows were anxious to get home; they were, instead of getting there, obliged to go all the way back again, and that at their own expense; so that by their carelessness, they not only lost time, but were most woefully out of pocket. This business took up some time, each individual's name having to be called and answered separately; there was a great deal of mysterious conversation amongst those who transacted it: I was glad when it was over, for the saloon of the steamer was anything but agreeable, owing to the strong smell of tobacco and snuff; to say nothing of the filthy state of

the deck, from the constant expectorations of the Italians, a common trick amongst them, giving but scanty proofs of cleanliness; they are, I think, a dirty set. At length they quitted the ship, and we were once more underweigh, and very soon left sweet Naples far, far behind us. We considered ourselves most fortunate as to the weather; it continued fine almost the whole time, and that enabled us to be on deck, and view the scenery as we coasted along; the ship was kept close in with the land, during day-light: this was very kind of the captain, who was a good sort of fellow, very obliging, and polite. He did not know a word of English or French, so that as far as conversation was concerned, we got on but slowly. Running all night, we arrived next

morning at the of Port Civitta Vecchia, a dirty-looking place, scarcely worth mentioning.

# CHAPTER XVI.

Civitta Vecchia—Leghorn and Genoa—Arrival at Marseilles—Clearing of Baggage—The Diligence.

We anchored at Civitta Vecchia early next morning; but as the town looked anything but inviting, and our stay was but for a short time, few, if any of us, landed. The Prince, however, went on shore; why, I know not, except it was to draw forth a salute of artillery from the batteries, which he certainly succeeded in to his heart's content: indeed, he was

saluted at every port he landed at. He was a good-natured looking fellow, was this said Prince. He made himself very agreeable indeed, and conversed with the English in good language, in a very affable manner. He used frequently to sit talking with me about India, and asked me several very amusing questions, which, however, I was not at all surprised at. How ignorant Europeans in general are, regarding India! I remember the Prince asking me, if the French town of Pondicherry was not situated in the neighbourhood of Calcutta? He was somewhat wrong in his calculations as to locality, but it was quite excusable, since there is a French settlement near that city. I have heard worse blunders than that made in England, by Englishmen, who ought to be better acquainted with the East than foreigners are.

At Civitta Vecchia, we took in a cargo of passengers and luggage, and then proceeded to Leghorn, or, as it is called, *Livorno,* by the natives of the country. He we arrived the next morning, and landed without delay. We went to a very nice hotel, kept by an Englishman, who gave us excellent fare and every comfort. The harbour is a tolerable one, but not sufficiently deep for large vessels, which are, in consequence, obliged to anchor outside where the anchorage is good and safe. It is said, that of all the towns in the Mediterranean, Leghorn most resembles an English one; the inhabitants are, by long intercourse, familiar with our countrymen, and well-disposed towards them.

We took a walk over the town after breakfast, and were much pleased with

all we saw. It appears to be well-built; the streets are carefully paved; but the whole has a dark sombre aspect, owing, no doubt, to the height of the houses, which are certainly very lofty. There is only one street of any width in Leghorn, called the "*Strada Ferdinandra.*" In the middle of the town is the open square, or market place; the "*Piazza d'Armi;*" a fine open space, surrounded with tolerably built houses. One portion of the town, where the ground is remarkably low, is called "*little Venice,*" in consequence of its being intersected by canals instead of streets. There is a very fine mole or pier, a favorite promenade in fine weather; over this we walked, and had from it an excellent view of the whole town and harbour. We saw numerous public edifices, but nothing very particular in

point of architectural attractions. The palace of the Archduke is a very plain building, and so are the others, without any claims to the traveller's attention. We saw also several churches, English, Armenian, Greek, and Lutheran; and there is also a very magnificent synagogue, and a "*Jami*," or Turkish mosque. The public library is very insignificant, and the only gallery of paintings belongs to a Genoese merchant. I need not mention, I suppose, that Leghorn is the place from whence straw hats and bonnets are exported to our country. They form an important part of the labours of the peasantry, about thirty thousand persons being employed in their manufacture. Whilst walking through one of the streets, I was somewhat surprised to see every foot-passenger, man, woman, and child

fall suddenly down on their knees! A gentleman who was with me, said, that it was in compliment to the "*host*," which was on its way to visit some sick person. I looked, and certainly did see a *host*; the principal performer was a burly, fat-looking, apoplectic fellow, with a very red face, chaunting something in a most boisterous manner, while others followed, kicking up a great noise; the first man was a *host* in himself, and really the whole turn-out appeared to me as if they had been to a good feast, and had partaken plentifully of the "*jolly god*," for a more jovial looking set I never saw. I suppose there were some twenty fellows, big and little, with flags flying, &c.; they put me much in mind of a procession of natives in India at one of their nonsensical festivals; these men call themselves

Christians, and enact such mummeries! "Roman Catholic, very proper religion, sar," as blacky would say; "plenty pretty business do, and too much drinky! Very good! Very good!" However, none of our party went down on our knees, though custom obliged us to take off our hats.

At the hotel where we lodged, there are rooms on the first floor, in which are exhibited for sale innumerable articles of sculpture in *alabaster:* some of them most chaste and exquisite; they are very cheap and well worth purchasing. I was unable to take any in consequence of the diligence journey before me, and the chances of their being broken, to say nothing of the probabilities of duty in France. We had excellent fare at the hotel; they gave us a good dinner and good wines; the charges were exceedingly

moderate. After dinner we walked down to the quay, and embarked. On the way we met a gang of convicts, queer-looking rascals, with their crimes in large letters on their backs; some there were for *uxoricide*, some for *homicide*, some for *fratricide*, and some for *infanticide*, and other crimes. They were in red uniforms and yellow unmentionables; rather strange that the Livornians should select our national colour for their convicts.

We started from Leghorn that same evening, and arrived next morning at Genoa, where we were again on shore, but for a very short time, in consequence of which, we were not able to see much of this noble city. However, we contrived to get a peep at several of the palaces and churches, some of them splendid buildings. We walked through the street of the

goldsmiths — a famous place, the shops full of all sorts of elegant jewellery, most tempting to the eye; my fingers quite itched at my purse to make some purchases. We quitted Genoa about two in the afternoon, and the next day anchored at Marseilles. We were instantly boarded by quarantine authorities, custom-house police, and *gens d'armes*; and informed that we could not land until permission had been obtained from the shore. This was anything but pleasant, particularly as we were anxious to push on. However, there was no help for it; so I amused myself, ad interim, in looking at the shipping in the harbour, the fortifications, and all the bustling, busy scene, of one of the principal ports of France. There were steamers closely moored, amongst them some very large ones, and from

their appearance, belonging to the navy. They looked very neat and clean, and ginger-bread like; covered with gilding and other ornaments; painted inside as green as a cabbage-garden; and the brasswork as bright as rubbing, oil and chamois leather, could render them; the masts all nicely scraped, and the rigging quite correct; no fault to find with them; but as to the idea of a certain hair-brained individual, of noted celebrity in the pen and ink line, making such boast of the steamers of the French Navy, and what he could do with them; it is preposterous! They are nothing to be compared to our magnificent vessels either in size, power of machinery, aptitude for service, or efficiency of equipment; and then the men! Ah, no! he may be a bold, dashing fellow, and I admire his pluck; but his

attempting to compare the steam power of his country with that of Old England, it is downright folly! All I can say is, that he has yet one lesson to learn, ere his education as a naval officer is completed; and that is, that the English Navy in point of sailing or steam-vessels, is *second to none* in the world; and I doubt not, but that when the gallant officer I allude to, has had a *little more* experience in his profession, he will be of the same opinion, and admit the truth of my remark.

But let us go on shore. After a detention of about three hours, we got boat and landed; leaving all our traps in the ship, in charge of the Custom-house people, who requested our attendance at the Customs, at our earliest convenience. We went to a hotel, where we took rooms,

and leaving my wife there, I started off to the Diligence Office, and booked for two places in the *Rotonde* (the others being all engaged,) of the conveyance, which was to start that evening for Lyons. After this was done, I hurried away to the Custom House, to have my baggage cleared; I was fortunate enough, through the medium of a friend, (whose kindness I shall ever remember) to pick up a man, who proved himself very useful. By his exertions, and telling the principal officer, that I wished to start immediately, my baggage was passed without delay, and I was free to be off, as soon as I liked; but this I did not do at once, as I had spare time, before me; so I resolved to wait in the office to see how matters were conducted in France, and I was much pleased to observe that they were carried on much

more satisfactorily than at the places we had previously visited; though there was the same putting of small coin into the hands of the understrappers, and the same knavery going on as before. I observed one or two cases, which I cannot help mentioning, as a warning to my readers who may happen to be similarly circumstanced. There was one gentleman, who had a large supply of Indian cheroots in his portmanteau—of themselves nothing worth, still he had brought them for his own particular use. These were immediately seized, and a heavy duty placed upon them. He did not evidently know how to manage with these fellows, otherwise he might have saved the whole; but as it was, rather than pay the duty, he told them they might take the cheroots, and welcome, as he had no idea of giving

again, treble the amount of what he originally purchased them for: the cheroots were seized, and carried away, and the individual left the office, grumbling like a regular John Bull. There was another person similarly situated: he was all politeness; he took out several bundles, extolled the virtues of the tobacco, and with a gentle voice, and bland smile, presented some to one person, and some to another, and so on; what were the consequences? he saved the rset, and walked out of the room as satisfied as possible. The first gentleman said something about lodging a complaint, and so forth; but there was no time for that, so he was obliged to say nothing more on the subject. Another individual had some worsted socks, which he had never worn; they were seized, and duty

charged; this he would not pay, so they were forfeited also; now had he slipped something into the box before the man who opened it, he would have taken the hint, and all would have been right; this was the case with me. I gave my man a few *francs*, and he handed them over to one of the inspectors of boxes; my luggage was passed without delay, although I had things in my boxes which might have been objected to. My box of pictures were, however, opened, but nothing charged, as I told the officer that they were my own, (and so they were) copies from originals. I found the French much more civil and polite than the Neapolitans.

On my return to the hotel, I had my passport finally cleared; and after washing and dressing, and having a hearty good

supper, we drove down to the place from whence the diligence stated. My man spoke to the *conducteur* about us. I gave the fellow a couple of francs to secure his attendance and respect, paid my bill, got my ticket from the coach office, saw my luggage all safe, and we took our seats in this extraordinary conveyance. It is so well known, that I will not describe it; however, I may as well mention, that I was sorry we could not have secured the *coupe*, or two places in the *interieur*, either of which would have been more comfortable; but, as we were determined on moving on that night, we made up our minds to rough it out till we should arrive at Lyons. The *coupe* is by far the best seat in the diligence, as the traveller is more private, and has a good view of the country. As for the *Rotonde*, it is

execrable! I had heard so much against the diligence as a conveyance, that I was prepared to see something very poor and rattle-trap, but was agreeably surprised to find that the one, at least, in which we were, was a very comfortable carriage. I am sure, I have been in worse conveyances than these; we had only two more passengers besides ourselves in the *Rotonde*, so that there was ample room, this division of the carriage being licensed to carry six people, the *interieur* six, and the *coupe* three—a total of fifteen inside, and three or four out, which, together with the enormous pile of luggage on the roof, made the whole a respectable laden vehicle. The charges are very moderate. I think, if I recollect right, our fare to Lyons was about sixty-two francs, amounting, in English money to about £2 *5s.;* places

in the other divisions are, of course higher, this includes luggage; but if there is any great quantity of that, an extra charge is made, though very trifling. We have nothing to pay coachman or guard; thank goodness, there was no such taxation. The horses we had were good and strong, and we had every prospect of getting on comfortably in our journey: at all events, every thing seemed to indicate a successful termination, as the sequel will show.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Start in a Diligence—Rate of going—Roads—Aix—Arrival at Avignon—A Breakfast there—Montelamart—Valence—Lyons.

At last we were off—off on our journey through France—an undertaking, which, at that season of the year, the depth of winter, after a lengthened residence in a hot climate, and perfect strangers, as it were, in a country, through which we would have to pass, were, to my apprehensions, anything but cheering in

prospect. In addition to this, having under my care, an invalid, exposed to innumerable inconveniences, which a delicate frame would be unable, (as I feared) to bear, gave me sufficient cause for anxiety. However, we resolved upon putting a bold face upon the matter; we were warmly clothed, and had a safe, comfortable conveyance; and with home before us, we had little, or nothing to damp our feelings, excepting the delightful anticipations of passing several nights on the road. We started at about eight o'clock in the evening, and were soon clear of the town and its suburbs. The horses took us at a respectable pace, though invariably walking up the slightest ascent; it may therefore be imagined, that our progress altogether, was not very rapid; the more particularly, as the roads

were dreadfully cut up from the wet; so much so, that at different places it was with the greatest difficulty the horses (sometimes so many as eight and ten) were able to drag their heavy burden through the mud, which was at times, above their fetlocks. We stopped at various towns and villages, to change horses. At Aix, we were permitted to get out and drink something hot; however, the time allowed was so short, that I derived but little comfort from what we had, taking nothing with us, but scalded mouths for our money. At about seven o'clock the next morning, we reached Avignon, where the coach stopped at a miserable *auberge*, quite a disgrace to us to enter such a hole. Being ignorant of where to go for better quarters, and the time allowed being but half an hour, we could not

help ourselves, and walked into a low room, where we saw tables laid for a dejèunér. In a short time after our arrival, we had the pleasure of seeing smoking dishes of hot sausages, eggs, bread and coffee; each man had a small cup placed before him, containing six lumps of sugar; that was the quantum allowed, and we had as much liquid as we liked, paying for the same; though water was gratis for those who preferred it, as also sundry decanters full of some trash, called claret; the "vin ordinaire" of Provence, as sour as vinegar; but, which an old Affghanistan campaignee with us (who had been one of the Cabool prisoners) declared delicious! The sausages were good, what composed of, I know not; they told us it was pork. The coffee excellent, but the bread bad; we

managed very well, and paid for our —repast eating, drinking, and attendance, three francs a head—very reasonable, including *"quelque chose pour pauvre garcon,"* which latter we put into a little box nailed against the wall for that purpose. I found there was a splendid hotel at Avignon, the "Hotel de l'Europe," to which we did not go. I suppose the wretched place we were taken to was connected with the coachman or *conducteur* of the diligence. Breakfast over, and bills paid, we started afresh, and had a very pleasant, though cold drive, through an interesting country; interesting, notwithstanding the snow covered the surface of the whole upwards of two feet deep; and the roads were in a most deplorable state. Provence is a picturesque district, and had the season

been summer, I doubt not but that the scenery would have been beautiful, and more suited to our taste than what it was at the period I write of. We caught frequent glimpses of the river, which, though large, is, at certain times, not navigable in several parts; and this was one reason why we did not proceed by water to Chalons, and from thence to Paris, as we had intended; this route some of our friends took; the consequences were, that the steamer in which they were, grounded very often, and they underwent great inconvenience from the detention.

In due course of time we arrived at Montelemart, where we stopped to dinner. Glad were we to get out and stretch our legs, and have a warm at the fire. The meal was served at the *table d'hote;* the fare was good, considering all things;

and as French cookery is an *art* said to be superior to that of our English, I could, of course, say nothing against it; but I must confess, I would much rather have sat down to a good beef steak than the greasy overdone dishes, which were placed before us. There was *vin ordinaire* again; but I preferred a hot glass of good cogniac and water, with a lump sugar in it—far better beverage in such cold weather, with a night journey before me. For our dinner we paid 2½ francs each,* with a few sous for attendance; this was, indeed, reasonable; and really for the money, we had sufficient to have satisfied the most craving appetite. The French gave execrable salad, nothing but coarse lettuce (they might have been turnip tops for aught I know) floating in rancid oil, for sauce. I had to pay

for my hot grog. I observed that if I called for *eau-de-vie*, there was no charge; but if *cogniac*, there was; excellent it was too; we had it pure and unadulterated. It was quite dark before we again started; however, a good dinner and hot grog, with the windows shut, made us very comfortable and warm, and we slept soundly, not awaking until we reached Valence, where we got out to have some excellent coffee. I think we reached that place at about one o'clock in the morning. I must beg the reader's permission to state, that owing to the diligence not stopping for any time at the places through which we passed, we were unable to see anything. I therefore trust that I may be pardoned, the want of interest in this portion of our journey, which may serve to render a perusal of it

dull, and devoid of life; but, as I saw nothing, it stands to reason I can describe nothing; and really there are now so many accounts of the whole of the French country, and it has been so much travelled over by our countrymen of late years, that it is as well to say as little as possible in the present instance, and not burthen these pages with descriptions of towns and villages, with which we are already so well acquainted. We went on all night, and arrived next morning at Lyons, where we made up our minds to have a good rest for that day, and to see something of a city, one of the most ancient in France. We put up at a very good hotel, comfortable and quiet. We had good rooms, and excellent fare, at very moderate charges. I think they called it *hotel de l'Angleterre*, close to

the diligence office. We were both so dreadfully knocked up, that we had not much inclination to go out sight-seeing; however, after a hearty breakfast, I engaged the services of an intelligent old man, whom I found in the hotel yard, with his hands in his pockets, and taking him for my cicerone, strolled about and saw all that was to be seen. We went on to the Quay of St. Clair, on the banks of the Rhone; and the old man pointed me out some very fine buildings, amongst which, the principal is the *hotel de Ville,* which he told me was considered the finest edifice in Europe, and it was, certainly, something superb. We then went through a fine square, called the square of *Louis le Grand,* or *Bellecour.* Lyons suffered much during the period of the revolution. The streets,

squares, and public buildings, were greatly injured; the arsenal was blown up, the churches plundered, whole avenues of trees cut down, statues and paintings destroyed, the inhabitants butchered by thousands, and their property made away with: in fact, the *reign of terror* here held sway in a most frightful manner. No improvements were made until the visit of the Emperor Napoleon, who encouraged the re-building of those portions of the city which had been destroyed; he employed all his energies in improving its condition, and was the means of its becoming what it now is. Had he not countenanced the undertaking, perhaps Lyons would be now but a place of secondary consideration, instead of holding rank amongst the finest of the French cities.

After booking for two places in the *interieur* of the diligence to start early next morning for Paris, I returned home to dinner, and an early bed. This being the first journey of the sort I had taken for many years, the reader may imagine I was much fatigued. We Indians are not accustomed to travel in coaches. I have here to give a little advice to the inexperienced in selecting places for the diligence. Each place is numbered, one, two, three, four, five, and six; the first four, are those close to the doors, on each side: the last two, five and six, are in the middle. The seats nearest the door are the best, because the sides afford a sort of a pillow, or resting place for the head and shoulders: whereas the middle seats have no such comforts; a piece of board, about three inches wide, and

a foot and a half long, is suspended by leather straps from the roof, and that is the only support for those who are unfortunate enough to have those places. I would also recommend the traveller taking two small pillows, (they are easily carried) one for the head and another for the small of the back: they are of great comfort; some also carry a pillow to sit on, as the cushions are as hard as horse-hair and tight stuffing can make them; sitting on which for a number of hours is anything but pleasant.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A Start for Paris—Our Fellow Passengers—State of the Roads—Roanne—Moulins—Fatigues of the journey—Nevers—Orleans—Rail-roads — Arrival at Paris—Start for Boulogne—Crossing the Channel —Arrival at Folkestone.

After a comfortable night's rest, we partook of an early breakfast, and drove down to the place from whence the diligence was to start. It was a very cold, raw morning; the rain poured down in torrents, and the wind played the deuce

amongst the chimney tops; one came thundering down into the street where we were. Our prospects for the day were not very bright. However, this time we had superior seats, and plenty of room. I gave the conducteur a couple of francs, and desired him to keep my luggage dry, which he did, and was very attentive to us. Our conveyance was a new one and in every respect, unobjectionable. We had two French gentlemen and a lady, besides ourselves, the sixth place being unoccupied for the first part of the journey. Our companions were very agreeable; one was a military man, a veteran of many bloody fields, he carried his honours about him, not only in ribbons, but a gallant scar of a sabre cut, on his forehead, which he told me he had received from an English dragoon officer, at

Waterloo. A more gentlemanly soldier-like old fellow, I never met with, and it afforded me true pleasure to hold converse with one, who had fought and bled under the banners of the Great Napoleon. How his sharp eye flashed fire, when he made mention of the Emperor! I told him that I was of his profession, an officer in the Company's Service, upon which the veteran shook me most warmly by the hand, asked me questions innumerable, regarding the late doings in Affghanistan; and seemed to be much interested in all I told him. With pleasant companions, who can call travelling in a diligence monotonous? Time flies fast in agreeable conversation; and one does not seem to care how long the journey is, provided the thoughts, as well as the tongue, are well occupied: thus was it with me. I

listened with delight to the description of many a well-fought field, in which my fellow traveller had been engaged. He told me of the disastrous campaign in Russia ; of the horrors of retreat; he dwelt at length on the campaign into Egypt, mentioning the glorious prospects, the Emperor held out to them, of the splendid possessions they were to have in the East; of the dreadful ravages of the plague amongst the troops; of their finally quitting Egypt; and then he entered into the whole of the concluding part of the war, finishing with the battle which decided the fate of Europe. I never felt so interested in a subject in all my life. The old gentleman was indeed a most agreeable *compagnon de voyage,* as I told him, adding that I felt much delight and pleasure, to say nothing of the honour of

conversing and becoming acquainted with such a distinguished officer as he was; ours was indeed a pleasant party in the diligence.

The roads were dreadful: we had eight, ten, and twelve horses, to our lumbering vehicle, to drag it through the mud. I never saw anything like it; sometimes we came to holes into which the wheels would go, and really I often thought we should have been upset; however, by dint of hard work, and all the male passengers getting out and walking, we contrived to move on at almost a snail's pace. At Roanne we halted awhile in the evening; the stay was but of short duration, just sufficient to enable us to swallow a hasty dinner and some hot grog. I remarked the peculiar manner in which the bread was baked; I mean in form and size of

the leaves, some of them resembling large clubs, and others great gigantic rings. It is very inferior, acid, and as heavy as lead. Our dinner was tolerable, and the charge, 2½ francs each, as before. At Roanne we were on the banks of the Loire, and the scenery very pretty indeed. We passed through several towns and villages, country houses and extensive farms, all very interesting to us strangers. Occasionally we came upon detachments of cavalry, infantry, or *gens d'armes*, marching in that manner so peculiarly French, laughing, talking, singing, with lightsome, gay, care-for-nothing hearts, giving us a hearty *bon jour* as we passed them. I forget the names of the towns, &c. All that we saw, however, appeared to me to be clean and neat, though the bad weather was much against the one or the other.

I fancied that the inhabitants were very poor, at least, those I saw in the streets and at the doors and windows of their cottages, looked so. At every place we stopped to change horses, our *voiture* was surrounded by crowds of poor beggars, men, women, and children, vociferating in the most piteous tones for money; somehow, they found out there were English in the coach, and attacked us in broken language, "good Anglais, give some money, one, two sous, *pauvre garcon,* nothing eat—vere hungry—vere cold; *pour l'amour de Dieu, donnez quelque chose, les bon Anglais,* and so forth; some of them actually pullling hold of the windows to open them. At Roanne, whilst we stopped, I saw an old soldier in the crowd. He was not begging poor old fellow! but stood on one side, leaning on his staff; I could see

that he really was a soldier, by the very way in which he stood, and I observed to my fellow-traveller, "*soldat vraiment, n'est ce pas?*" He answered, that he appeared to be so; upon which I pulled down the window, and called out to him, "*Holla soldat!*" Upon which the old man sprang up to the attention, as it were, and came to the voiture, "*Vous etes soldat?*" asked I; "*Oui Monsieur, je le suis,*" and gave me the hand salute in the peculiar French style. "*Et moi aussi,*" said I, "*mais je suis Anglais, voila quelque chose pour la gloire,*" and I put a couple of francs into his hands, which made the old codger as happy as possible. I presume that must have been the first instalment of pay he had touched for many a year past. The French soldier thanked me over and over again, and said, "*Les Anglais sont tou-*

*jours les braves,*" and added, "*et toujours genereux*," a complimentary speech, which I was not prepared to hear paid to our national character (so forcibly exemplified during our continental campaignings) by one who seemed to be of the lower classes: but politeness is a ruling trait amongst all Frenchmen, be he king or peasant, general officer or common soldier, coming as it did from an humble individual, a man who had perhaps braved the dangers of the battle against our own country, the compliment was very gratifying. The French officer was so pleased, that he also gave the old man something, telling him, at the same time, who and what he was, upon which he stood erect, gave him the salute, shouldered his staff, and marched off quite delighted. Some of these beggars are great rogues, and I would recommend

travellers to have as little as possible to say to them. I say this from experience, as I was griffen enough to allow myself to be imposed upon on more occasions than one by the rascals.

After a dreary drive through a dismal country, we arrived at Moulins, where we had a very comfortable cup of coffee, the most delicious I had ever tasted: for this we had to pay *one franc.* I never recollect ever having partaken of such excellent coffee; it was at two o'clock in the morning, and the reader may conceive it was most acceptable; however, it was so deuced hot, and the time allowed so short, that I scalded my throat most dreadfully in swallowing the burning liquid; yet it was too good to leave, particularly after having been obliged to pay for it; several relinquished their cups

in despair; the conducteur was a cunning fellow, for after he had bundled us all out of the room into the coach, I saw him quietly sitting down at the table, and drinking up the coffee we had left in our cups, adding thereto a good nip of brandy by way of a finisher. This dish of coffee was to be our breakfast and lunch; for we were not to stop anywhere, until we reached Nevers, which was almost a day's journey before us.

However, we managed to eke out the day tolerably well, though my poor sick wife was dreadfully knocked up with sitting so long. As two of our fellow passengers were to leave us at Nevers, I decided on taking the two places vacated by them, so as to secure the whole seat, which would form a sort of couch for her to lie down upon; (the diligence being upwards

of five feet wide;) this I did immediately we arrived at Nevers, paying about forty more francs for the two seats to Paris. We were certainly fatigued on our reaching the town, and, as I said, I thought we should *never* get there; the progress was so slow, and the weather so cold. We dined and rested awhile, and prepared for another start. The two seats secured, proved of the greatest service to my invalid, as she passed a tolerable night, being enabled to sleep in a recumbent posture. The country all along was just as bad as at the commencement. I never once saw a good bit of road the whole way. Going down hill, it did not matter much, for the horses gallopped in fine style; but up-hill it was dreadful. I saw men engaged mending the road all along; each parish being obliged to furnish

people to keep them in repair in their respective districts; but what good they did I could not see; the weather was much against them, certainly.

We halted the next morning at Orleans. Truly delighted were we to see that our slow journey was at an end for a time! After a hearty breakfast off everything that was nice, we amused ourselves by looking about a little, till it was time to start again. Orleans is a very large and handsome town, from the little we saw of it. We walked into the principal square, and saw the handsome statue of Joan of Arc; some call it a clumsy piece of work; we had not time to form such an opinion, having seen it from the distance. The Cathedral is a beautiful venerable pile, and worthy the traveller's attention. On our return, we

took our seats, and drove down to the railway station, preparatory for starting to Paris. They have a strange way of managing at these railways. The passengers have not to get out of the diligence; but instead, the body of the carriage is detached from the wheels by unscrewing, and raised by some powerful machinery; the wheels are taken away, and then the carriage is again lowered upon a truck made for that purpose. The screws are tightened, and all made fast; and thus we proceeded in perfect safety; the carriage of the down train taking on the wheels we had left behind, and we taking those they had left at Paris. When we arrived, the same elevating and lowering process was gone through, and we were taken from the terminus to the office, where the coach

stops. This was the first time, I had ever been on a railroad; and truly the rapidity of the motion pleased me greatly; but it was snail's pace compared to our railroads in England. We had nothing to pay for this part of our journey, the Diligence Company contracting with the Railway Company for the conveyance of their carriages, and passengers, and goods, from Orleans and Paris. We drove to *Meurices' Hotel* in the *Rue St. Honore*, where we had comfortable rooms, and a good dinner. Our stay at Paris was but for one day. The weather was so bad, that it was quite useless our attempting to see anything of the city. I had a peep, however, at the Palace of the Tuilleries, and the beautiful gardens attached, and saw one or two more public buildings; looked at some of the soldiery

whom I did not at all admire—dirty-looking fellows, overburdened with dress, and much smaller in stature than I expected to find them. I saw also a picket of cavalry riding by; they were laughing and talking in the ranks, and making such a noise. I never saw anything of the sort amongst our troops and yet I have heard say, that they are very strict disciplinarians in the French army. The sergeant of this picket was riding by them, smoking his cigar, and not even attempting to check the irregularities I allude to. We managed to get rid of some money by shopping, under the noble arcade; the only promenade we had; for it rained in such torrents, that to have attempted anything beyond would have been madness. I posted

off to the diligence office again, and booked for two places in the interieur for Boulogne, starting the next morning early; we had a very pleasant drive through a better country; the roads were in tolerable order, and not so dreadfully hilly; on the way we drove by the famous field of Cressy, and over that of Agincourt: both were covered with corn springing up and ploughed ground. We passed one night on the road, and reached Boulogne at about half past three o'clock the next day heartily sick of the diligence, and delighted that we had got to the end of our travelling, as far as France was concerned. After dinner was over, we embarked in a steamer at seven o'clock, and crossing the channel landed in safety, after a very boisterous

passage, at Folkestone, at about eleven o'clock at night.

Thus had we arrived in Old England at last, exactly one month longer in coming than we ought to have been; happy, indeed, to touch the ground of our own dear country. Tears of joy were shed innumerable, and gratitude to Almighty God, for having brought us to the termination of our travels, predominated in our breasts. I never shall forget the sensation I felt, in being once more in England. I scarcely believed it possible; however, there was as doubt of it and all of us (for we met several of our old friends at Boulogne who had crossed with us gave three hearty cheers, which made the harbour and buildings round about ring

again. We proceeded to the Pavilion Hotel, where we put up for the night, and started for London the next morning by an early train.

# CHAPTER XIX.

## CONCLUSION.

And now, dear reader, whoever you may be, friend or stranger, permit me to bid you farewell. My journal is ended with my journey. I trust the perusal of it has pleased you, and that all I have said meets with your approbation. Faults there are, I doubt not; those I hope you overlook. This is the first thing of the sort I have ever attempted; if it succeeds, my labour will be amply re-

warded; if it fails, I cannot help it; though I shall have the testimony of my own conscience, that with all sincerity, good-will, and good intention, I have done my best; besides being able to console myself with the knowledge that I am not the only individual who has failed in an undertaking, of whatever nature it may be.

I trust a steady perusal of these pages will convince you of the truth of what I observed in the outset—that the overland route, (notwithstanding the drawbacks we experienced) taking it altogether, be it to save time, or to save money; to see sights, or to gain information; is, in every respect, preferable to going round the Cape. I will admit, that for some reasons, the long sea voyage has its advantages. For instance: parties

having large families of children, a good respectable sailing ship, with every comfort about them, is better than going the overland route; for the rapidity of motion, and the consequent fatigue would be inconvenient to young children ; the same reason holds good to the generality of invalids, to whom the sea air would, in most cases, prove beneficial; but for persons who are not encumbered with children, or who are in tolerable health, the overland is the best: and now that the enterprising old Padsha of Egypt is about to establish a railroad across the desert, (that once dreaded and terrific waste, to traverse which, even in later days, was considered an undertaking replete with danger,) this route will become doubly advantageous; for the time taken in crossing it hereafter, will

be about four or five hours, whereas, it took upwards of twenty in going the same distance, at the period of my returning to England. What opportunities has the young cadet of travelling, previous to his commencing his military or civil career in India? He can traverse the continental cities of France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy, and then proceed to Egypt. He will thus see what will afford him food for observation, contemplation and conversation for many a day. He will visit countries famous in ancient as well as modern history. He will see a land, of which he has heard or read in Holy Writ, ever since his youthful lips were able to lisp his native language. He will realise things of which his mind had but a faint idea, and he will land on the field of his future life, with an

improved and more cultivated mind, and be able to join his future companions in conversation, touching on such subjects, regarding which, had he not travelled and seen something of the world, he would, in all probability, have been completely ignorant. I recommend all young men on first starting to go out to India overland; it is of the greatest benefit to them, and they save good two months' time in doing so.

It will be needless for me to say more this subject; the advantages derivable are so great over those of the long sea voyage, that those of the one, counterbalance the other most undoubtedly, carrying with them such weight, that they show their superiority in a manner so self-evident, that any argument which can be brought against them must fall to the ground;

in conclusion, therefore, I now take my farewell, trusting that every one who may adopt the said overland route hereafter, will concur with me in opinion, and exclaim, unhesitatingly, "Overland for ever!"

THE END.

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PRINTERS, 20½, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW, CITY,
AND BRUNSWICK ST. HACKNEY ROAD.